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All This is Perfectly Silly

It was the British Soviet Friendship Society which wired to Marshal Bulganin asking him to persuade the Bolshoi Ballet to come to England if only because "the British public are unable to comprehend cancellation on such grounds". Once again, as the *Daily Worker*, to everyone's surprise, showed when the Soviet athletic team withdrew, it is "precisely those British citizens who are most friendly to the Soviet Union who feel deepest regret" at such weird examples of Russian touchiness.

The point that is clear to all of us, whatever our politics, is that there has been in this matter a complete failure of communication between East and West. When Nina was first charged with theft, the Russian press even suggested that this was because somebody here wanted to sabotage the games or hoped to win by excluding their champion discus-thrower. The British press would only be replying in kind if it now absurdly suggested that the Russians are threatening to withhold the Bolshoi company because they fear that they would suffer in comparison with our Sadler's Wells dancers! But we doubt if a sense of humour is sufficiently cultivated in Moscow to make this a wise or effective retort.

The actual ground for refusing the suggested bargain that Nina should be released in exchange for the Bolshoi dancers is not, as the British government suggests, that no executive interference ever takes place with the course of justice. Britain is unlike totalitarian countries in that justice is not commonly subject to governmental interference, but it is humbug to pretend that it never occurs. The Director of Public Prosecutions is an independent person whose business is to administer the law. But he is also an official, and he is from time to time instructed by the Cabinet. Further, every practising lawyer knows well enough that he frequently drops charges for reasons of common sense—even if the excuse is wrapped in legal language.

It would have been easy for the charge to be dropped in the first instance: the shop concerned need not have pressed it. It would even have been possible for the magistrate to cancel the warrant for Nina's arrest after the Russians made the mistake of not allowing her to answer her bail. By so doing, incidentally, they deprived her of the right to a fair trial; if she had appeared in court the whole matter would have been ended without any fuss. As the Russians were too sensitive to allow her to appear, it would obviously have been much wiser to drop the case, and it would then have been quite possible to do so. The reason why it is really difficult to drop it now is not that our judiciary is wholly and always independent of the executive. It is, very simply, that whatever the mistakes that have been made on both sides in the past, the *bargain* the Russians now suggest is impossible. What self-respecting individual or government will allow a dispute to be settled by a threat which has no bearing on the case?

Settled somehow or other, however, the case must be. Lord Waverley spoke for everyone when he asked the Home Secretary "to take diplomatic action because this is all perfectly silly". The arrival or non-arrival of the Bolshoi Ballet is irrelevant. The matter has now reached a point where it can only be settled by governments and should be settled in a way which so sets out the facts that the Soviet as well as the British public can understand.

It is not a scrap of use merely exchanging high-falutin diplomatic notes with Moscow. Some time or other realism has to be brought into the discussion. Having disposed of the Bolshoi Ballet threat, we should publicly agree that the interest of justice would not be served by proceeding with the prosecution, Nina should be allowed to go home, and the Russian public should have it explained to them that she was arrested not from hostility or bloody-mindedness, but in the ordinary course of British procedure. At the same time a renewed effort should be made to repair the damaged relations between the two countries—relations which at least in the spheres of culture and sport were manifestly improving.

Comments on the Week's News

Mr. Bevan and Mr. Brown

The election of party treasurer looks like being the crucial moment of next week's Labour Party Conference. As the delegates assemble, Aneurin Bevan and George Brown are running neck and neck, with Charles Pannell of the A.E.U. and David Rhydderch of the clerical workers' union "nowhere". Bevan has 108 constituency nominations, to Brown's seven and Pannell's three. But Brown has stronger union support, being nominated by the T. & G.W.U., of which he is a member, and being sure of the vote of the other giant, the N.U.G.M.W. Nevertheless, with promises of the miners' and railwaymen's votes, Bevan has been creeping up on him. The outcome is, in fact, still uncertain, and it is widely assumed that it may be settled by the decision of the Union of Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers, whose vote is still uncommitted. U.S.D.A.W.'s president, Mr. Walter Padley, is a candidate for the trade union section of the Labour Executive, and it has been unkindly suggested that his union might do a deal—supporting Mr. Brown for treasurer in return for the support by the two general workers' unions for Mr. Padley in his election. This possibility has been strongly denied by the union. However that may be, even with the U.S.D.A.W. vote, Bevan would not be sure of victory; and the key decision may come from the engineers. Last year the rank-and-file members of the A.E.U. delegation at the Labour Conference wanted to support Bevan; but their Executive Council claimed the right to cast the union's vote—and they cast it for Mr. Gaitskell. This action was challenged at the meeting of this year's National Committee (the A.E.U. conference) and a resolution was passed establishing that the right to cast the union's vote at Labour Party Conferences rests entirely with the union delegation. To forestall this decision, the Executive Council had previously rushed in and nominated Mr. Pannell for the treasurership—as it was clearly entitled to do. It will now, no doubt, argue that the union will look ridiculous if the conference delegation fails to vote for its own nominee. Mr. Pannell, for his part, is refusing to stand down and thus has a good chance of sterilising 600,000 votes, which would otherwise go to Bevan. So, by voting for Pannell, it looks as if the engineers may get Brown.

Field of the Cloth of Gold?

The meetings in Saudi Arabia of the heads of Arab states have offered little comfort to western diplomacy. The discussions at Dammam and Riyadh have revealed a real and growing Arabian unity. Although at first sight there is a conflict between the purposes of King Feisal's visit to King Saud and the talks of the "big three"—Colonel Nasser, King Saud and President Kuwatly of Syria—both meetings have reflected the growing mood of anti-colonialism. The *rapprochement* between the Hashemite kingdom of Iraq and its old dynastic enemy, Saudi Arabia, may imply a challenge to Nasser's bid for Arab dominance, but its implications for Britain are still more serious. This meeting has been planned for many months; and, though it has been largely formal, it reveals a willingness by the two young rulers to bridge the traditional gulf between their families—for long one of the basic assumptions of western policy. Iraq's adherence to the Bagdad pact has become increasingly unpopular in the country, and King Feisal's brief visit to Saudi Arabia, by breaking the isolation of Iraq, is an insurance policy against the growing threat from nationalist minorities. The need for such a step (coupled with Iraq's declaration of support for Nasser's nationalisation move, which was made while King Feisal was in Britain cementing the western alliance) shows a steady weakening of western influence. The visit of Colonel Nasser and President Kuwatly to Saudi Arabia, immediately in King Feisal's wake was planned as long ago as last March, when the first session of the "big three" was held in Cairo; but it has provided a convenient opportunity to announce a "complete unanimity" of support for Nasser's policy. It is no doubt true that King Saud has expressed certain anxieties to Nasser on behalf of himself and King Feisal who, as the heads of the two major oil producing countries of the Middle East, have a strong interest in avoiding a blockade of the Suez canal; but it is almost certainly as true that any attempt by the West to impose a "unilateral solution" of the Suez question would prove that their boast of "unbreakable Arab solidarity" was a reality.

Apartheid Exposed

The South African government is constantly telling us that its apartheid policy is really designed to protect the interests of Non-Europeans as much as those of the whites. They would have us believe that they intend to divide the country into racial zones, in which each of the races will have full opportunities for development. This contention is now refuted yet again by the government's latest action in threatening to move a prosperous African tribe from the Northern Transvaal. The Mamathola tribe has lived in the Letsiteli Valley for 200 years. The district can surely be claimed, therefore, to be an African area. It is known that many of the tribesmen make some of the highest incomes known to Africans in the Union, earning well over £1,000 a year from selling their oranges and tangerines. The government intends to replace them by white farmers, who, it is stated, will take on African labour and are likely to make large profits. Dr. Verwoerd, Minister of Native Affairs, has now postponed action and promised to meet the tribal leaders. His department claims that the soil is eroded and the land denuded. This is hardly borne out, however, by the prosperity of the African farmers.

Italian Socialist Unity

Italian Socialist unity is on the way. Even before the Pralognan meeting between Nenni and Saragat, the rank-and-file of both parties had been setting up joint unity discussion groups and co-ordinating committees; and the result of these activities was seen after the communal elections, when Socialist councillors, though officially allied to the Communists, voted for Social Democratic candidates, who were officially allied to the Christian Democrats (and *vice versa*) in the elections of communal and municipal executives. However, as Matteotti, the general secretary of the Social Democrats, made clear during his recent visit to London, "the merger is not for tomorrow". Both the Communists and the Christian Democrats have already felt the electoral effect of unofficial Socialist unity and will bring what pressure they can on the extreme wings of the two Socialist parties to prevent this unity from becoming official. Further, there still remain genuine differences of view on foreign and domestic policies and on whether trade union members should belong to the Christian Democratic CISL, the Social-Democratic UIL or the Communist-Socialist CGIL. This problem will probably be settled by letting the workers decide for themselves; and if the Italian Socialist Party, which already, for the first time, has agreed to the election of its executive by secret ballot, still further modifies its authoritarian statutes at its congress next January, Nenni's hand may be strengthened against those of his lieutenants who still oppose the merger.

A Surprise in Trinidad

The victory of the People's National Movement, led by Eric Williams, in the Trinidad elections comes as a surprise. This party was only formed at the beginning of the year and, although it was expected to secure considerable support among the Negroes, it could hardly have expected to win a majority. Eric Williams faced, not only the entrenched power of Albert Gomez, but the even stronger opposition of Hindu nationalists and the Roman Catholics. The fact that he has won 13 out of 24 seats is, therefore, remarkable. Dr. Williams is, probably, less well known in Britain than is his colleague, Leary Constantine, who has also been elected. Nevertheless, he is by far the most progressive and intelligent leader that Trinidad has yet thrown up. Fortunately, he can find strength in friendship with his neighbour Norman Manley; and if, as seems probable, his party joins the new Caribbean Federated Labour Party, Trinidad may lose its isolation from Caribbean progressive politics.

Apathy Among J.P.s

The Magistrates' Association has had a good year. Although its annual report is never a complacent document, it is clear to anyone reading this year's that the Association grows steadily in social value and importance. This must be less clear to the 6,500 J.P.s who steadfastly refuse (or apathetically neglect) to become members of it. An onslaught is to be made on them soon—1957 will see a "membership drive." To say that there is scarcely a legal or social cause that has not engaged the Association's attention in the past 12 months means that the appropriate government departments have not only been authoritatively apprised of what magistrates think ought to be done—it means that they have often been stirred into action. Anyone who wants the government shaken up about some abuse or anomaly in the countless ways in which the work of the magistrates touches the lives of the people, but who doubts the value of writing to the Home Secretary or the Lord Chancellor off his own bat, could do worse than write to the Magistrates' Association and get them interested. Discrepancies in procedure and in sentences, the search for alternatives to the short sentence of imprisonment, the scarcity of schools for maladjusted children (side by side with "approved schools" that are half empty), the reform of the abortion laws, the treatment of neglectful mothers, the payment of prisoners for work done—this year's report, reviewing these and other important trends in penal and social policy, is once more a vindication of the informed and patient lobbying for which the Association is better equipped than any other body in the country.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Trieste

The Vidali-Tito Duel

A Special Correspondent writes: The attitude of Vittorio Vidali, secretary of the autonomous Trieste Communist Party, gives an indication of some of the problems which Krushchev has had to face with Tito. Vidali, it will be remembered, on the occasion of Krushchev's first peace visit to Belgrade in 1955, openly protested against Krushchev's kind words for Tito and the "Yugoslav way to Socialism". Vidali's was the first voice of protest from the ranks of international Communism. He has never fully withdrawn from this position and the events of 1956 have made him raise his voice even louder. Vidali is still stoutly voicing the doubts which exist about Yugoslavia in the international Communist movement. At the moment he is waging a battle on the question of the "Belgrade Trials", i.e., the trials of those ex-Cominform Yugoslavs who have been repatriated from the People's Democracies now that their Stalinist anti-Tito functions are out of date. Between the years 1948-1954 these men worked for the Cominform, talking against Tito from Radio Prague, publishing anti-Tito papers in Serbo-Croat (e.g., "Nova Borba") and despatching agents into Yugoslavia. Some of them, following their return to Yugoslavia, have been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

The Yugoslavs have illustrated their side of the story clearly in a recent issue of *Borba*, organ of the League of Communists:

> In the difficult days of 1948 there were cowardly and weak persons, morally corrupt, who approved of Stalin's campaign against Yugoslavia. These emigrés . . . had Stalin's characteristics . . . they were Stalin's arms against Socialist Yugoslavia. Therefore, it would not be logical to have one attitude against Stalinism and another attitude towards this Stalinist emigration. The human aspect is another thing. In this, Yugoslavia has shown a magnanimity only to be found with difficulty elsewhere in the world. Naturally these persons cannot remain unpunished. But they have the possibility of one day becoming useful citizens, because all our laws and policy are permeated with a profound humanity. . . . It is, therefore, difficult to believe that in some countries there are attempts at political justification of the ex-Cominform Yugoslav emigrés. . . . Only 16.6 per cent. of them have been condemned . . . some of these for spy and terrorist activity in our territory. . . . Especially blameworthy is Vidali's "Lavoratore," organ of the Trieste C.P., which has gone so far as to call the ex-Cominformists "fighters in the international Communist movement."

Vidali has replied strongly to this in *Il Lavoratore* (Sept. 14). He maintains that there are 1,400 Cominformists in Yugoslav prisons, and writes:

> The method of identifying the adversary as an immoral spy is a method which was denounced by the 20th Congress. . . . For us the ex-Yugoslav Cominformists are good comrades, worthy of our respect and solidarity. Even more so now than when they were free. . . . To treat them as conquered men, to humiliate them is to show no magnanimity, no spirit of humanity, but a non-Marxist spirit of vendetta. . . . If Stalin played a decisive role in the elaboration of the documents against Yugoslavia . . . the responsibility of what happened belongs to the entire international Communist movement and to its leaders, and in the first place to the C.P.S.U. and its leaders. The provocations of Beria and Abakumov do not eliminate these responsibilities. . . . Communist leaders all over the world admitted their blame and the sun has begun to shine again, but not for the Cominform prisoners in Yugoslavia.

All this doubtless provides food for discussion between Tito and Krushchev. Relations between Yugoslavia and other sectors of the Communist movement are still far from perfect, and must, in Soviet eyes, be perfected as soon as possible. Czechoslovakia has not rehabilitated Slansky, and Albania has not rehabilitated Koci Xoxe. (Both are dead.) As regards the Trieste sector, the entry of the Trieste C.P. into the Italian C.P., whose relations with Yugoslavia are good, would be a step forward.

Oxford

Westminster-in-the-Meadow

"Some of our experts pressed us to follow one course. Others pressed us to follow a totally different course. And what," asked Wedgwood Benn, then Secretary of State for India, "did the government do? We governed." There is some echo of that 26-year-old phrase in the letter with which Mr. Duncan Sandys abandons his search for an agreed solution to Oxford's traffic problem and imposes the Christ Church Meadow by-pass on the city. For 30 years the argument has ebbed and flowed. On the flow of the past 12 months some six different major proposals have been discussed; but the disagreements over them have been so varied and so strongly held that, Mr. Sandys a little plaintively concludes: "It must be accepted that any decision, even a decision to do nothing, will be strongly disliked in one quarter or another." So he governs.

How has Oxford reacted to his government? The relief, I think, is almost universal that he has rejected the "Lamb and Flag" road which, besides destroying valuable property and cutting through the playing fields of two colleges, would separate the science buildings from the rest of the university, turn all the scientific instruments into seismographs and deny the hope of concentration to all but stone-deaf readers in the science library. In the public house itself there will be no more double meanings to the old toast of "one for the road". But there the satisfaction ends. Christ Church, of course, is furious at the proposed "act of vandalism" to its meadow. The governing body intends to fight it by every legal and constitutional means, including, no doubt, the formation of a Meadow Lobby, composed of the 35 Christ Church men who are now members of parliament. Even the authorities of University College, Queens, B.N.C. and All Souls, embittered as they are by the sight of their colleges falling piece by piece on to the pavement, consider the desecration of the Meadow an "appalling sacrifice" even if it does buy tranquillity for The High; and this feeling seems to be shared by opinion in other colleges, whose inmates can approach the problem with a detachment proper to the academic mind.

This "detached" bloc contains a number of elements. There are those dons whose only fear in tackling a problem is that they may reach a solution, who would gladly argue for a lifetime about how many undergraduates can dance on the top of Tom Tower or about the point at which a street becomes dead, congested or merely alive. There are the idealists who, remembering Oxford, as I do, with its streets softly echoing the footfalls of horses and the gentle rumble of hansom cabs, would prohibit all private cars and lorries from an area bounded by the Broad, the Station, Folly Bridge and the Plain. There are others, like the late president of my college who, as Vice-Chancellor during the first World War, was visited on urgent government business by the Prime Minister and met him with the frosty greeting, "Kindly be brief, sir," thereby proclaiming that any representative of government who reached Oxford must consider himself in enemy territory. But far more important are those who, though weary of the controversy, yet now wish it to rest unsolved for a time. Governments, however much they may wish to muddle through, are forced from time to time to make decisions. They must even risk a bad decision rather than make no decision at all, or else fall. But a university and a university town both see life not as a series of five-year jerks but as a stream flowing from centuries into centuries. Failure to take a decision now will not ruin either university or city and may even allow a good decision to be taken in the future. A bad decision taken now will do damage which could never be repaired. So already Mr. Sandys finds Oxford against him and seems headed for disreputable mention on the Martyrs Memorial.

This is bad luck on a Minister who, obviously to everyone, has tried to do his best. But it also seems unnecessary. I have passed many years in Oxford and now live just outside; and I hate to see Magdalen crumble or to feel the peace of All Souls shattered, just because the hansom of my childhood has been replaced by the Pressed Steel or Morris lorry of today. But equally I would hate to see Christ Church Meadow gashed by a trunk road; and I cannot see why I should have to. From time to time, in 30 years of discussion, someone has proposed that the through traffic from Headington, Cowley and Iffley should go through a tunnel from the Plain to somewhere beyond St. Aldates where, on the western side, there would be two or three exits to avoid the congestion that a single exit would undoubtedly bring. This proposal was not even discussed at the public inquiry, perhaps because the cost seemed prohibitive. But if Oxford really is, as so many people from the Minister downwards are now calling it, a "priceless heritage," I do not see why we should now put a price on it.

Still less do I see why, if the tunnel is not possible for other reasons than cost, we should not adopt the proposal at one time put forward by the university for a by-pass well south of Christ Church Meadow, linking Iffley with the Abingdon road. The objection to this proposal was that if it was combined, as it must be, with the closing of Magdalen Bridge, those who wanted to reach Carfax from the east by car would have to travel two-and-a-half miles out of their way. The Minister agrees with the city opponents of this plan that such a detour would "entail an unacceptable degree of inconvenience". But I, who now try to reach the station via Magdalen Bridge at 9 o'clock in the morning, feel satisfied that I would get there faster even if I had to travel two-and-a-half miles farther by the by-pass; and even if it in fact took longer, I should find the inconvenience wholly acceptable provided that in return I could be sure that both The High and Christ Church Meadow could be restored to, or left in, peace.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

NEXT WEEK

Autumn Books

An enlarged issue containing many special features

including

C. P. SNOW *on The Two Cultures*
TOM DRIBERG *on Russia Without Stalin*
CLAUD COCKBURN *on the Duchess of Windsor*
V. S. PRITCHETT *on Aldous Huxley's essays*
***Poems by* EDWIN MUIR *and* WILLIAM PLOMER**

The Opportunity to Negotiate

THE Suez crisis has passed in a fortnight from the threatening clouds of imminent tragedy to something more reminiscent of comic opera as the two sides tumble over one another in their efforts to get before the Security Council. One's first feeling is naturally one of relief. At least there is not going to be a war. Yet awhile.

Much credit for this change of atmosphere must go to the Labour Party. After an uncertain start, it has succeeded in convincing Sir Anthony Eden that, as the situation now lies, he cannot unite the country on a policy of force. And it has resolutely resisted considerable pressure from the French Socialists, who appear utterly committed to their government's policy of resisting Arab nationalism by military action. Had Labour failed in the past six weeks, Britain might by now be hopelessly entangled with France in a colonial war.

Nevertheless the Anglo-French reference of the Suez dispute to the Security Council of itself solves nothing. Indeed, it contains the hint of further dangers ahead. There is, for instance, no real doubt that the Anglo-French resolution can count upon a majority of the votes cast, but certainly not unanimity—whether or not the Soviet delegate in the end decides to use his veto. It is not impossible that after such a majority has been secured—and after the U.S. election—Sir Anthony and M. Mollet may consider that they are in a better position for going to war than they have been during the last two months—while they have lacked such moral backing as they can derive from the Security Council and while the presidential election has sterilised U.S. support. As Mr. Gaitskell has already warned the nation in his famous letter to *The Times*, Sir Anthony's repudiation of the use of force is ambiguous and unsatisfactory; while the French seem scarcely to have repudiated it at all. Mr. Menzies' important speech last Tuesday illustrates the danger. What, he asked in effect, are the western powers to do when they have failed to secure the authority of the Security Council for imposing a solution on Egypt? Shall they apply their own sanctions, including perhaps military action? Or are they to "stand helpless before illegal actions"? "We need not," jibed Mr. Menzies, "get into a timid state of mind in which the very mention of the word force becomes forbidden."

The overriding answer to this disingenuous speech is that no amount of short-term expediency—or impatience with Russian manœuvres at the U.N.—can justify using force, in defiance of the Charter, to settle a legal dispute which we are not prepared, apparently, to submit to the International Court. In present circumstances, however, the significance of Mr. Menzies' words is not the contempt they indicate for the U.N., but the warning they contain that the West still hankers for military action and that the reference to the Security Council may be no more than a cover for that intention.

But there is another, and perhaps more immediate, danger which now appears. If force is not to be used against Egypt, the Canal can be kept open only by negotiation. Is successful negotiation likely to be facilitated or hindered by the present intervention of the Security Council? There is a risk that it may be hindered. For the basis of the Anglo-French resolution is to be the 18-nation plan formulated at the first London Conference. This plan has already been summarily rejected by Colonel Nasser—with, incidentally, the full backing of both India and the Soviet Union—and it is difficult to see how it can now form the basis of negotiation.

The crucial element in successful negotiation must be, as the Indians have consistently pointed out, a full acceptance by the West of the fact of nationalisation. But the decisions at the first London Conference do not, despite the fair words in which they are wrapped, concede Nasser's ownership of the Canal or the degree of control which is implicit in ownership. Thus they are in the most practical sense incompatible with nationalisation—or, at the very least, incompatible with a conception of nationalisation which any Arab can be expected to accept.

To start negotiations by committing ourselves before the Security Council to a basic plan which both denies the essential Egyptian claim and ignores the facts as they now exist is not to negotiate so much as to lay down terms of surrender. What is worse, it is to ignore Nasser's apparent anxiety to reach a settlement and to negotiate a new Canal Convention on the basis of Egyptian ownership. Yet it is such a convention, endorsed with all the authority of the U.N., which can alone ensure the free passage and adequate maintenance of the Canal.

The responsibility of the Labour Party is thus by no means over. If it now rests on its laurels or permits its leaders to do so, the sinister alliance between Sir Anthony Eden and M. Mollet may yet succeed in accomplishing its violent ends. When the Labour Conference considers these matters at Blackpool in the coming week it should concentrate on establishing these four points, which are cardinal:

(1) Any suggestion that the act of nationalising the Suez Company is in breach of international law, and not merely of a commercial agreement, must be tested before the International Court.

(2) There must be no recourse by Britain to military action, or support of military action, except in accordance with the U.N. Charter.

(3) Labour cannot support the presentation to Nasser of terms which are in effect a denial of negotiation.

(4) The proper course of action is to negotiate a new convention, based both on modern needs of the Canal users and on Egyptian ownership: this convention must guarantee the rights of Israel, as of all other powers.

Once these four propositions, which are already accepted by most of the neutral world, are unambiguously endorsed by Labour, the government will find it extremely difficult to resist them. It is at that stage that the opportunity of genuine negotiation with Nasser—of putting his conciliatory words to the test—arises for the first time. That opportunity still has to be created out of the diplomatic chaos of the last two months. Whether or not it is created may well depend more on the Labour Conference than on the Security Council.

"Aw, go away . . . . can't you see I'm busy?"

Seretse's Return

SINCE 1950 one symbolic name has stood like an iceberg between Britain and full acceptance by any colonial people of the liberal intentions of British colonial policy. The name is Seretse Khama. No matter what aid we have offered to the economic and social development of the colonies; no matter what advances have been proposed for political representation; even when independence appeared on the horizon for the Gold Coast, the peoples of Africa, the Caribbean and Asia have constantly repeated: "But what about Seretse Khama?". The Seretse issue has always appeared as the vital test of the British attitude when faced directly with the colour question. Throughout the colonies, the Seretse affair has always suggested British support for the colour bar, opposition to mixed marriages, and sympathy with South African racial policy. Any British attempt to diminish racial discrimination without righting the Seretse injustice has therefore been held to be simply further evidence of British hypocrisy. Labour policies have been viewed with particular suspicion in this connection, for it was a Labour government which originally exiled Seretse.

It was essential, therefore, that, in its rethinking of colonial policy, the Labour Party should first find some method to rid itself of this one blot on its reputation. Now the announcement that Seretse's exile is at an end is almost entirely due to Labour's effort over the past two years to achieve this object.

When, in 1954, the Labour National Executive began its reconsideration of the Khama situation, the deadlock was complete. Seretse was exiled and Tshekedi was excluded from political life until a new chief had been fully established. The Bamangwato tribe would not consider the appointment of a new chief so long as Seretse was alive. Seretse and Tshekedi themselves appeared to be estranged, each of their causes being kept alive in Britain by a small group of partisans. Despite the constant unrest among the Bamangwato themselves caused by Seretse's absence, the government did nothing.

The Labour Party's inquiry into the true state of the situation must have been as exhaustive as any ever undertaken by a political party. Its investigations covered not only the interested parties in Britain, but included a visit by Mr. John Hatch, its Commonwealth officer, to Bechuanaland and other parts of Africa where people were concerned with the case. The result was a fresh policy statement in July 1955, which broke the deadlock and provided an opportunity for the factions within the Bamangwato tribe to come together again in agreement: Seretse should be allowed to return, but the circumstances of his return were first to be discussed with him by the other tribal leaders.

For a time, the government refused to alter its negative policy despite Labour pressure. Nevertheless, the deadlock had been broken, for the members of the tribe now understood that the "alternative government" in Britain intended to end the exile. The decision of the National Executive was unanimously supported by the party at its Conference last year, and then by the parliamentary party. When time was found for a debate in the House of Commons on August 1 this year, Mr. Griffiths put forward this alternative policy with the full authority of the party behind him and he was courageously supported by Mr. Gordon Walker—the minister who had originally exiled Seretse.

At that point, the government's policy of "do nothing" disintegrated. It was useless any longer to tell the Bamangwato that Seretse would never return until they appointed a new chief—when the tribe knew perfectly well that he would do so after the next British general election. It was fortunate that at this juncture Tshekedi was in London. He, too, now realised that his nephew would some time reappear in Bechuanaland. Very sensibly, he and Seretse came to an agreement. As soon as they presented their joint memorandum to the Secretary of State the last shred of the government's case disappeared.

Seretse had always been willing to renounce the chieftainship, provided such an act were acceptable to his own people. The chieftainship itself as an institution had been profoundly damaged by the disputes of the last seven years. The government could therefore no longer avoid the logic of the situation. The pressure of the demand for mineral exploration and development in Bechuanaland was already weighty. This would obviously create a revolution in the life of the Protectorate, involving widespread dangers to social and political life, which would be greatly aggravated without the guidance of the two men best trained to lead their people.

Everyone with the slightest feeling for human rights and dignity will welcome the end of this unhappy incident in British colonial history. Not least will Seretse's return be seen as evidence of Britain's determination to resist the South African claim to rule the Africans of the three Protectorates as they rule their own. We offer our congratulations to Seretse and Tshekedi and remind them both of their obligation to use all their talents in the development of the social, economic and political life of their people.

London Diary

THE pattern is familiar. Numerous indiscriminate frontier killings by the wild men of Jordan are punished by a deliberate, organised reprisal from Israel. Ben Gurion's defence is, presumably, that, getting no redress from the U.N. either in the matter of frontier violations or in the grave issue of Nasser's discrimination against Israel in the Canal, he holds, with Mr. Menzies, that Israel has the right to take the law into her own hands. I note with pleasure that the British government repudiates this view in the case of Israel. I hope it also does so when it refers its own dispute to the U.N.

* * *

I was glad to see the City Librarian of Liverpool, Dr. Chandler, speaking at the annual conference of the Library Association, take up the challenge thrown down in a leading article in *The Times* a few weeks ago. "Would any substantial harm be done," *The Times* asked, "if public libraries gave up supplying novels by living authors?" Most of them, it implied, were bad, and in any case public libraries should use their money for buying serious works. Interesting, at this late date; and perhaps surprising from the paper that features Mr. Oliver Edwards every Thursday morning, to find the old puritan attitude towards novel-reading cropping up again, and this in the country where the novel was born and that has produced so many great novelists. Wasn't it Coleridge who compared novel-reading as a form of idleness to spitting into a river from the bridge above? The fallacy, of course, lies in the notion that non-fiction works are necessarily "good," "serious," "worth-while," and fiction necessarily "escapist" or "frivolous." The simplest way to answer *The Times* is to go back thirty years: it would have been a pretty poor public library service then that did not give its members—who, incidentally, as ratepayers are also its owners—the chance to read Hardy, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Lawrence, Huxley, Virginia Woolf, Mann, Gorki, all of whom were alive. By the same token, it's a poor service that today would withhold from its users Graham Greene, Cary, Snow, Anthony Powell, Sartre, Malraux, Mauriac, Faulkner. According to the Library Association, one in four of the population borrows books from a public library; and the public libraries have themselves become patrons of literature. Today many good novels would never be published if libraries did not buy them.

* * *

I am fascinated to learn that, of all places, Ellis Island has been put up for auction. Those interested in acquiring this desirable property—27½ acres, made up mainly of ships' ballast, the ghosts of ancient heart-aches, 35 buildings, and a ferry boat thrown in—should send in their sealed bids to the General Services Administration of the U.S. government. Who will buy it? I gather that until the U.S. Immigration Service took it over in 1891, it was an arsenal; and this moves my melodramatic mind to speculate on what would happen if it were discovered that a Russian or the Russians had bought it. Just think: 27½ acres of island, even if it is mainly ships' ballast, right inside New York Harbour, within winking distance of the Statue of Liberty herself. I do hope the F.B.I. is taking all necessary precautions. But I wonder, too, about those 35 buildings. When quite recently Ellis Island ceased to be kept up as a port of entry to the United States, more than 30 million immigrants from Europe had passed through them. Do the buildings bear plaques, *à la* L.C.C., commemorating the more famous of those who passed through and made good? Mr. David Sarnoff, for instance, the chairman of the Radio Corporation of America? And what of the detainees for whom the Island was notorious? Is Vera Countess Cathcart commemorated? This lady, for living with a man she wasn't married to, was branded by the U.S. Immigration Service as guilty of "moral turpitude." Is there a wall tablet recording that "John Strachey, British author and Member of Parliament and later His Majesty's Secretary of State for War, was grilled here"?

* * *

The grudging treatment of Professor Frederick Soddy in the obituary columns may be a warning to natural scientists not to get mixed up with money. Here was a great scientist, discoverer of the "isotopes," a Nobel prizewinner and one who contributed much to the knowledge of the nucleus. Yet he rated little more space than a successful grocer. That was probably because his *Cartesian Economics*, *Money versus Man*, etc., ranked him as a crank. He was certainly a scientist with a chip on his shoulder. He resented the fact that he was a subsidiary figure to his old colleague, Lord Rutherford, with whom he did such distinguished work at McGill in 1905. What is not so well known is that H. G. Wells owed some of his reputation as an uncanny prophet to Soddy. With that genius which Wells had for seizing upon a still obscure scientific fact and projecting it, fiction-wise, he read Soddy's *Interpretation of Radium* and followed the subsequent scientific discussions. The result is to be found in *The World Set Free*, where he predicted the discovery (by his character Holsten) of artificial radioactivity in 1933. And in that very year Marie Curie's daughter and son-in-law, Irene and Frederic Joliot-Curie, produced "artificial radium."

Future, a Socialist periodical of which William Warbey, M.P., is the general editor, is in future to be published in 1s. pamphlet form at two-monthly intervals. The first of these is called "A Foreign Policy for the H-bomb Age". It is sensible and therefore controversial. It tries to lay down the basic axioms which must be accepted by everyone who agrees that a great nation no longer dares to use war as an instrument of policy. The least agreeable axiom that follows is that we shall have to put up with many injustices in the world, including bad frontiers, bad manners and bad regimes. This has always been obvious to small nations. Great powers like Britain have been in the habit of assuming that they could change things when it was in their interest to do so because they were powerful. Today it is only in America and Britain that you will hear people saying that "peace depends on justice." The opposite is much more true. If you want peace you may have to put up with injustice. Since this gives a wonderful opportunity for international gangsterism, the importance of strengthening the United Nations, poor substitute though it may be for genuine international government, becomes obvious.

* * *

I see that the picks are clawing down the walls of "The Blue Danube" at Swiss Cottage. I am sorry for this, for it means another loss of colour from the life of London. "The Blue Danube" was the first and last of refugee cabarets in Hampstead. At one time there were nine of them. They started in 1933 with the first rush of Jewish refugees from Germany, and they were reinforced when the Nazis seized Vienna. The German and Austrian cabarets never merged. They were brothers in distress but they retained their individualities. They catered for refugees who at first knew little English, and they provided employment for professional actors and singers who, until the war, were unable to secure labour permits to carry on their calling. By day the men worked as clerks and the women as domestic servants—almost the only work open to them—and in the evening they appeared before feeble footlights, counting themselves lucky to pick up £5 a week for their performances. To see these cabarets one had to go to converted premises in private houses, usually in basements. "The Blue Danube" was a large room with about 90 close-packed chairs. They were, of course, simply staged, and they depended for success on wit in dialogue and lyric—and also on sincerity. For they dealt with life as refugees knew it. One who vividly recalls these shows reminds me particularly of an item, the point of which depended on the curfew which even "friendly aliens" had to observe in the war. It was about an Austrian who picked up a girl, went home with her, found her intensely unlovable, but had to stay the night because he daren't go out after curfew. These shows, of course, have died because both audience and players have been dispersed—some of the actors have even gone to Hollywood. These cabarets have a distinctive place in London's theatrical history, and deserve to be remembered.

* * *

Ian Mikardo, who is running his usual book on the Labour Executive elections, tells me that betting on the treasurership is now even money on the two main candidates and 500 to one against the other two. George Brown was odds on favourite in the early stages as a result of a few big bets, but a flood of smaller bets on Nye have brought him level. Three punters have risked a total of 7s. 6d. on Mr. Pannell.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Sir William Penney, director of the atom bomb tests at Maralinga, said today that they did not wish to explode the bomb on a Sunday, but they might have to take advantage of a fine one.—*Daily Telegraph.* (C. A. Trott.)

When the Liberace fans go to Waterloo to catch the train to Southampton to meet their hero many will have their hair in curlers. She sees nothing odd in this. The idea is that they will leave their hair in curlers until the last possible minute before meeting Liberace, so that they will look their best for him.—*Sunday Dispatch.* (Miss M. Robinson.)

If it is reasonable for Mr. Gaitskell to expect an undertaking from Sir Anthony Eden not to use force in his negotiations with Col. Nasser, it is surely equally reasonable for the British people to expect the trade unions to give an undertaking not to use force when they are negotiating wage increases.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.* (W. Bodell.)

More than ever today, thanks to the cheap Press and American films, we have drilled into us—at least the young have it drilled into them—that you must have outlet for your sex feelings: it is beastly circulation-mongering and box-office theory.—*Daily Sketch.* (D. P. Reynolds.)

British motor-cycles are the best in the world, he says. He will always stop to help someone in trouble provided it is a British machine. "But if it's a foreign bike, I let them get on with it."—*Portsmouth Evening News.* (Charles Fisher.)

Zemindar into Kulak

[*This article is a further extract from John Strachey's Indian notebook.*]

CUNNING, resignation, humour, scepticism played over his features. He was our host at lunch at his considerable house in the middle of the village—in what had been *his* village—in Uttar Pradesh (the old United Provinces).

But he did not eat with us. We were most of the local officials of the district: some members of the Khadi Board (the people who carry on the Gandhi tradition of hand spinning and weaving), out from Delhi—100 miles or so away—with the visiting Englishman. The meal was one of the best I ate in India. In a way one needed it—in another way it wasn't easy to eat. We had started from Delhi at 6 a.m.; so the drive itself had been cool. But by the time we got to the village—we had been held up at the temporary dry-weather pontoon bridge over the Ganges—the heat had fairly got its grip on us. The morning's inspection of the village, walking round and round in the full noon-day sun, was exciting—in the way inspecting a blast furnace is exciting. But one didn't know how much toll it had taken till it was over. One needed lunch—but yet could hardly face it.

Staggering back through the thick heat, wading through it, each step a conscious effort as in wading through water, I had questioned our host. "Yes, he had been the zemindar of this village; yes, his family had owned all the surrounding villages too."

"How much had he left?"

"A hundred acres."

This was puzzling because the district officer had told me he had three hundred. "Had he said one hundred, or three hundred acres?" "One hundred." I could not press the point. But at lunch I asked the district officer again. "Three hundred, of course," he replied. "And what's more, his brother has kept another three hundred in the next village."

After lunch I sat sweating with the ex-zemindar and the district officer on his porch. "Stupid of me," I said, "but I haven't got it quite clear, did you say you had one hundred or three hundred acres left?" With a wonderfully sly sidelong glance at the district officer he said: "Three hundred."

And so it turned out to be. In *this* village of *this* state of Uttar Pradesh, in *this* year 1956, the "state of the match", in regard to this infinitely complex, infinitely vexed question of the Indian land reforms, was this. The zemindars had been expropriated (with some, but according to them derisory, compensation) as zemindars. Nobody, that is to say, paid rent to them any longer. The peasants paid rent direct to the government: rent had become, in other words, a sort of land tax. (Had become *again* a sort of land tax, for this was, of course, the Mogul and pre-Mogul system of Indian land tenure and the zemindars were merely the Mogul tax-farmers, collecting a fixed revenue for the government and squeezing what they could out of the peasants, tax-farmers whom the British partly mistook for, and partly made into, landlords in the western sense.)

So far land reform, in *this* village, in *this* state, at *this* time, was undoubtedly a reality. The thing had happened. How much had it benefited the peasants? I don't know. It would depend upon how good or how bad a zemindar our host, the old kulak—for kulak he had manifestly become—had been. For upon his rapacity or the reverse would have mainly depended the size of the difference between what the peasants used to have to pay him, and now have to pay the government.

The kulak (it seemed to me he knew he had become a kulak, and, although he did not like it, lumped it) pointed to a young man whom I had noticed at lunch superintending the service. "That's my son," he said, "he's always grumbling" (father did his fair share of that too, as a matter of fact), "but I tell him he's lucky compared to me. He's only the son of a dispossessed zemindar—*I* was the son of a prince!" So apparently the family had been coming down in the world for some time.

The question is—would they, should they, come down any further? Left-wing opinion in India denounces the land reforms as a sham because they have—as far as I could make out—generally stopped short at about the same point as they had in this village. They appear, that is to say, to have dispossessed the zemindars, as landlords, as recipients of rent, pretty generally; but, on the other hand, they have left them with substantial farms, on condition that they cultivate them on their own accounts. The maximum holding permitted seems to vary widely from state to state; but it usually seemed to allow several members of the ex-zemindarial family—as in the case of our host and his brother—to retain important holdings.

Thus, says the Left, though the zemindars as such may have gone, a new class of rich farmers—and if the left-wing critic is sufficiently left-wing he at this point uses the word kulak—has come into existence. And what is the use of that? Nothing will be any good, says the Left, until and unless the land is further subdivided, the holdings of the new kulaks split up between the landless peasants, and then (though at this point the left-wing critic usually becomes a little vague) collectivised.

Well, but are the present land reforms really no good because they stop short at the zemindars? And is it certain that it would be a good thing for India if the new kulaks were expropriated? Take

this village. Our host, the kulak with his 300 acres, has a serviceable Ferguson tractor, and so has his brother with his 300 acres in the next village. The land round here was irrigated 20 or 30 years ago under the British by tube wells, equipped by electric pumps, for the grid has got here. (This is an exceptionally advanced part of India, though you wouldn't have thought it as we marched round the mud hovels this morning. They grow a lot of cane sugar—we passed the factory on the way from Delhi.) Well, you may be sure—and the district officer confirmed it—that most of the surplus food which comes out of this village to feed the towns, comes off the kulak's 300 acres. The smallest peasants, at least, are mere subsistence farmers—happy if they can feed themselves, with little or nothing to sell to the towns. The reluctance of the government to destroy the producers of a *surplus*—quite apart from the influence over it of the rich farmers, which may or may not be strong—can be well understood. In fact the Left, at any rate the Communists, would be the first to agree that there was no way out in an economy consisting of nothing but dwarf holdings of five or six acres each (except in rice country such as Bengal where that size of holding may actually be efficient, as the Japanese have proved). The Communist or pro-Communist Left, at least, thinks of the splitting up process as a mere preliminary to collectivisation, with all that that involves.

And yet the case in equity, in elementary social justice, for further sub-division is overwhelmingly strong. Later in the afternoon I talked to the village headman, a very different character from the kulak. Lean, hard, weary, intense, he answered my questions tersely but emphatically.

"Are the villagers getting more to eat than they used to?"

"Yes, they are."

"Why?"

"Because during the war and post-war years the price of food went up and they were able to pay off some of their debts to the moneylenders."

The real improvement, I note, had little to do with all the Khadi Board's good works, or even with the land reform. The real thing that had helped had been inflation! For that had automatically written down the peasants' debts, fixed in money terms to the moneylenders. Next I asked the headman: "Do you think the land ought to be further sub-divided?" Yes, he did—and with emphasis: there were 407 people in the village of Kamelpur in 78 families. Seventeen of these families were landless. Others had only a few acres.

"How many have you?"

"Fifteen."

It struck me that whether it is a good thing or a bad, and whether the government likes it or not, further subdivisions of the land will sooner or later happen. Surely our host the kulak will not be able to keep those 300 acres indefinitely? Surely the social pressures for further sub-division will build up like flood water against a dam?

Moreover, one can quite see that in such circumstances, Vinovya Bhave, the wandering Gandhiist saint who is preaching land distribution on his pilgrimage through the villages of India, may well play an important part. One can quite see how he might persuade our host to "give" some (not the best) of his 300 acres—lest he lose the lot. The power of the profound Hindu religious tradition, linked by a man of Bhave's power and sanctity to the land hunger of the peasants, may well have the effect of a social catalyst in the Indian villages of today. Some of the least mystical Indians warn one against underrating the Bhave movement.

But if further division of the land does happen, will it be economically disastrous? Kenneth Galbraith says no. And he ought to know. After all, before occupying his present chair at Harvard and writing *American Capitalism* he was, for many years, above all an agricultural economist, and a member of the great American Agricultural Extension Service. He says that in Indian conditions, and at Indian levels of technique, with Indian surplus labour, holdings of, say 15 acres such as the headman had, in wheat country, and much smaller holdings in the rice country, would prove fully economic and capable of producing a surplus for the towns. He, like Professor Arthur Lewis, is convinced that mechanisation as such would be meaningless, or actually harmful, in the conditions of Indian agriculture: it is irrigation, fertiliser supplies, selected seeds—and above all, agricultural know-how that the Indian peasants need. Given these, the professors say, the Indian peasant may yet do wonders in increasing yields per acre. And it is yields per acre, not output per man-hour, that matters: for the simple reason that, unfortunately, only too many man-hours are available, while acres are scarce.

No doubt, one thing more must be added to water, fertilisers, seeds and know-how. And that is a system of land tenure sufficiently equitable and rational to give the peasant an incentive to produce. He must know, in a word, that if he increases production he will get at least some of the benefit: that it will not all be taken off him by landlords, taxgatherers and moneylenders.

The grand question in the Indian countryside is this: have the land reforms gone far enough to fulfil this elementary prerequisite of agricultural progress? The further you go to the left in the political spectrum, the more people will tell you that they have not. The further to the right you go, the more people will tell you that they have. This is the most bewildering issue of all for the visiting student. Every fact seems in dispute: every piece of evidence contradictory. Not only does the information vary with the political opinions of the informant but also with the state he comes from. I get the impression that the land reforms have varied widely in effectiveness from state to state, from region to region. How is one to guess at how the balance sheet reads, for India as a whole? Nevertheless, one does guess, and purely for what it is worth, my guess is that the reforms have gone, or will go, far enough, not to produce social justice or equity, nor to satisfy or even greatly to relieve the worst-off landless peasants, but yet far enough to give the main mass of the peasants—from the rich ex-zemindars to the owners of the small, but yet workable, holdings, an incentive to produce more and to sell it to the towns.

JOHN STRACHEY

Thoughts on Televiewing

DOWN here on the island, where I have rented a fine large set and where we have a powerful transmitting mast not far away, I am a Viewer. We keep the set in a room originally intended for music, and I can sit in the dark there, viewing and viewing, without disturbing the rest of the household. I lie back in an armchair, put my feet up on a stool, and smoke and view away. Except when there are test matches, I do all my viewing after dinner. Wheezing a bit, heavy with food and drink, I waddle along the hall, switch on the set, drop into my chair and put my feet up, then peer into my magic mirror like a fourteen-stone cigar-smoking Lady of Shalott. At first I told myself that I watched the set and its antics for strictly professional and technical reasons, but lately I have not had even a shadow of that excuse. I am simply one of the Viewers. I have already passed uncounted hours half-hypnotised by the jiggling and noisy images. Sometimes I wonder if I am going out of my mind. We have been told that the worst is over after about four years, but long before that my outlook will have been so completely changed that I shall be a different person. I shall probably be removed to an old man's home. Let us hope these places are equipped with good TV sets.

In my capacity as a Viewer, I have no intention of criticising adversely and in detail the way things are done. Given this strange medium and their own particular responsibilities, the people directing and handling the medium do almost all that can be reasonably expected of them. Most of them, I know, are enthusiasts; if removed from TV they would feel they were in exile. I don't imagine I could do it better myself. I think I would be far worse than they are. Most of the familiar jeers and sneers at their efforts seem to me quite unfair. The difficulties they have to face are too lightly disregarded. The critics who attack them make little or no allowance for the black magic of the medium itself, always discussing the entertainment provided as if they had not been staring at a set but sitting in a theatre, a cinema, a concert hall, a cabaret. So not a word that follows must be taken as unfriendly criticism of TV personnel. Good luck to you, boys and girls! Thanks a lot, Mary, Peter, Sylvia, Derek! But I am a Viewer too, one of the regular customers, even though I never ring up to complain that one of my precious prejudices has been ignored, and now I feel I must explain, as honestly as I know how, what the thing is doing to me.

The general line about TV—I took it myself before I became a Viewer—is that it is terrifically exciting, immensely powerful, potentially very dangerous. Here is this miraculous medium that pours into the home, hour after hour, night after night, images so dazzling and enticing, that it immediately outbids all other media for its tenancy of the mind and imagination. It can transform any licence-holder into a well-informed and thoughtful student of all public affairs. It can turn children into future scholars of Trinity and Girton or into gunmen and molls. So we are playing with fire and dynamite—but what fire, what dynamite! This is the kind of stuff I wrote and talked myself before I became a real Viewer. Now that I know what happens, I can no longer write and talk in this strain. Certainly the medium produces its own particular effects, undoubtedly has an influence all its own; but these effects and this influence are very different from what they are generally imagined to be. Unless I am a very peculiar Viewer, the alarmists have all been looking in the wrong direction. They are like a man who expects a wolf at the door when he ought to be attending to the death watch beetle in the woodwork.

Install a set, turn a switch—and hey presto!—here in a corner of the living room is an ever-changing image of the whole wide glittering roaring world. Or so they say. But that is not quite how my viewing works. To begin with, it does not seem to bring the outside world closer to me but pushes it further away. There are times, after I have played the Lady of Shalott longer than usual, when this world is not here at all; I feel I am taking a series of peeps, perhaps from the darkened smoke room of a giant spaceship, at another planet, with whose noisy affairs I am not involved at all. Let me stare and idly listen long

enough and I seem to have arrived at some Theosophical astral-body-life-after-death. I am as little involved in or perturbed by all these conferences, departures and arrivals of shadowy ministers, crashes and floods, strikes and lock-outs, aircraft and racing cars, atomic plants or fishing villages, scientists and film stars, as some Great White Master, a thousand years old, gazing into a crystal ball in Tibet. At most, these are —as one of Yeats's characters observed in another connection—the dreams the drowsy gods breathe on the burnished mirror of the world. I remember an old retired nannie, rather weak in the head, who when she visited the silent films thought everything she saw was part of one vast confused programme, an astonishing but acceptable mixture of the Prince of Wales and cowboys and Indians and Stanley Baldwin and sinking ships and *It*-girls and the Lord Mayor of London. She was an early Viewer. I know now exactly what she felt. Perhaps I am rather weak in the head too.

No sooner is any subject under review and discussion on the screen than it is drained of all reality. The instrument itself, probably guided by some satanic intelligence hostile to our species, adds a fatal dream effect. Even what I thought were urgent burning problems stop being problems at all. They are not settled, but their hash is. Somehow I no longer care what happens about Oil or Married Women At Work or Youth And The Churches Today or What We Do With The Old People or Whither Britain. I just view them. They might be bits from untidy and badly acted plays. Sometimes I don't know—and don't care —if the gesticulating image of a Foreign Minister belongs to a real Foreign Minister or to an actor in one of those political plays we are always having. Here on the screen the difference between Yugoslavia and Ruritania is hardly worth bothering about. After half-an-hour of The Future Of Our Fisheries or Africa At The Crossroads, the programme personalities, bursting with fisheries or Africa, stare accusingly at me and ask me what I propose to do about it. They might as well know now that, as a Viewer, I don't propose to do anything about it. After they have given me a final earnest look and asked their last question, I stare at the credit titles, listen dreamily to the end music, wonder idly why Malcolm Muggeridge looks handsomer on the screen than off, where Woodrow Wyatt has acquired his new haughty accent, light another pipe, and float into the next programme.

Perhaps it is *Picture Parade* or something of the sort, in which all the imbecilities of the film studio handouts and the fan magazines are given a kind of idiot dream life, especially—ah what golden moments!—in the foyer at a gala premiere where celebrities of screen and stage consent to smile at us and tell us how exciting it all is, as if we didn't know, and are wished lots of luck. As a Viewer I try not to miss one of these occasions. To view one, smoking in the darkened room with your feet up, is much better than actually being there, what with all the dressing up, the heat and fuss, the pushing and shoving to get nearer the mike or the press photographers. It is a dream glimpse, carefully focussed and timed, of a dream world. But it is all so *exciting*, as everybody keeps telling us Viewers. Perhaps that is why I so often find myself laughing—all alone, there in the dark—probably only a nervous excitement.

Some nights there seem to be dozens and dozens and dozens of people being interviewed, not just about films but about everything. We go all over the place—inside and outside ministries, home and abroad, to airports and railway stations, to sports grounds and factories. The organisation of it all, the sheer technical achievements, are a credit to our civilisation. The courtesy and friendliness are admirable: all the persons interviewed are for ever being thanked and wished good luck. People under cabinet rank and 60 years of age are on Christian name terms at once. It is a wonderful and happy world, this of TV interviews. And perhaps that is why it is not a world in which anybody ever says anything. That might spoil it. Between the cordial *Hellos* and the charming *Goodbyes* nothing much seems to happen. We are either going to the interview or coming away from it. "Let us," they say proudly, "go to Coketown and talk to the Mayor himself—so now *It's Over To Coketown*—This is Coketown and here in the studio is the Mayor of Coketown, who has kindly consented to talk to us—Very good of you, Mr. Mayor—er what about this er campaign of yours, Mr. Mayor?—Well, Reg, I think er I can say er we here in Coketown er hope to get it started fairly soon—Thank you, Mr. Mayor, and the best of luck—Thank you, Reg—And now we return you to London—This is London and that was the Mayor of Coketown being interviewed by our representative, Reg Rowbottom—and *now*—"

At first, when I was a new Viewer, a stranger in this magic world, I wanted the Mayor to say something, if only to justify all the trouble that had been taken to flash his image across the country. Now I know that this does not matter at all, that what is important is that we should keep jumping around, stare at a fresh face for a moment or two, then be off again. The instrument likes to do this, and it is the instrument that has us in its power. In this world of the magic tube, all the values are different. Here we are more interested in what the interviewer sounds and looks like than we are in what the interviewed person says. Viewing, I accept these topsy-turvy values. It is only afterwards, coming to my senses and thinking things over, I begin to question them. Staring at the set, my mind almost a blank, I am quite ready to believe in TV personalities, the élite and aristocracy of this dream world. I do not ask what they have done, what massive talents they possess. They still have personalities where I, as a Viewer, a captive of the screen, have little or none. Not this Christmas but possibly the next, when I may have said goodbye to reality, I shall have no party of my own, perhaps will no longer understand what arrangements could be made for one; I will attend, as a Viewer, a party of TV personalities, to enjoy the sparkle of the wine in their glasses, to listen with joy to the crunching of their mince pies; and one or two of them may look straight in my direction, to wish me a Merry Christmas Programme, a Happy New Year's Viewing.

Meanwhile, sitting in the dark with my feet up, I feel I have *had* Fisheries or Africa or Youth And The Churches Today. I couldn't agree more about Married Women At Work or What We Do With The Old People or Whither Britain, and could hardly care less. We Viewers know now that we are such stuff as dreams are made on, that all is Maya, that *For in and out, above, below, 'Tis nothing but a magic shadow-show*. So it is easy to imagine oneself viewing the next war, dreamily watching whole cities crumble to radio-active dust, catching a last glimpse of Manchester or Leeds in between a thirty-minute detective play and some light music and a gipsy dancer. Never did a medium of information and entertainment arrive more opportunely, to soothe the tormented mind, to ease the bewilderment of the soul. We may emerge from our four or five years' bondage to it, having at last achieved detachment, for ever untroubled and smiling, finally victorious over the technique and the instrument. Already we Viewers, when not viewing, have begun to whisper to one another that the more we elaborate our means of communication, the less we communicate. Some words on a page can be unforgettable. The memory of an actor, moving and speaking on a platform, may haunt us all our lives. Then the inventors and technicians arrive, the costs rise prodigiously, the complication sets in, and we get film and radio, far less potent and memorable. The inventors and technicians, in a frenzy, with millions of money behind them, invade the home with TV, adding more and more images to sound, performing miracles with time and space, bringing in colour, stereoscopic sight, everything. And out of this mountain of invention and technique, finance and organisation, comes a little dream mouse. "Not bad," we Viewers cry. "What next?"

J. B. PRIESTLEY

New Towns for Old

FIVE years ago I had heard of new towns. I had also read about groundnuts, Gambia eggs, Argentine beef, and people with perfect eyesight owning two pairs of free spectacles. Then my work took me to live in a new town near London.

The vivid first impact was sharply exciting. For many years I had lived in a council house in a depressed town. For me, the public housing project was a dreary desert of identical houses, with broken fencing and doors painted brown. Variety was achieved only in the occasional front parlour shop selling Woodbines at a ha'penny each, and half loaves of bread.

The new town was wonderfully different, with grass verges and trees, rose-beds and shrubberies, front doors of blue, red and yellow, and only the earth was brown. That factory workers should live in an apparently midde-class environment was intriguing enough. But the simplicity of the reason for their being there, combined with the complexities of the task of getting them there, opened a fascinating field of study. I read Abercrombie's Greater London Plan, the reports of the New Towns Committee set up at the end of the war, and the New Towns Act which followed. Without question I accepted the plan, endorsed the reports, and—if a little belatedly—welcomed the Act.

Now my enthusiasm for the idea of planned dispersal of industry, commerce and population from the congested and sprawling urban centres to new towns and expanded towns is more controlled and better directed. But it is primarily as a new towns enthusiast that I view any comprehensive housing policy. Broadly a housing policy is a two-pronged attack: first there is the renovation and retention in use of existing older houses: second, the continued building of new dwellings, both to replace slums and to relieve overcrowding. And as important as the decision to build x thousand houses a year, is the decision "where and by whom."

It is in answering this question that central government can play a decisive part in influencing the distribution of industry and population, controlling the size of cities and raising the standards of town design in all its aspects. 40 per cent. of the people of England and Scotland live in those massive agglomerations of once-separate urban growths, the conurbations—Greater London, S.E. Lancs., W. Midlands, W. Yorks., Clydeside, Merseyside and Tyneside. Or, to give the focal point in each case, London, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, and Newcastle. It is from discussion of the housing problems of these great centres that some of the most colourful—if heartless—post-war jargon has come. They already have many more people

than can be housed in decent conditions and at acceptable densities, so we have talked of "decanting" and "siphoning-off" the surplus—the "overspill". This overspill problem becomes more acute as the natural increase in population continues—though at a declining annual rate—into the 1970s.

The combined overspill figures for existing and anticipated excess population are enormous. Conservative estimates for the seven conurbations give a total of one and a half million people. In addition, there are other large towns and cities, such as Sheffield, Bristol and Hull, with a significant overspill problem. Thus the national figure is more than two millions, representing a demand for over half a million homes. Very soon, in all these major urban centres, there will be no land left for house-building. The rehousing problem is accentuated as the attack on slum areas is launched. In a typical central area clearance and redevelopment scheme, only about half the people displaced can be re-accommodated on the same site, because of higher standards of design, layout, space and amenity for the new dwellings. (A redevelopment scheme for the Gorbals proposes a reduction in density from 459 persons an acre to 165, so that only 38 per cent. will be rehoused on the site.)

To meet all needs, public authorities and private individuals will continue to build at least 200,000 houses a year. Since more than 40 per cent. of the population live in the congested urban centres, they represent at least that proportion of housing demand, and probably more. So close on 100,000 dwellings a year will be provided for these areas. To ask just where they will be built, how quickly and by whom, is to raise the greatest planning problem of our time.

In the first place, it is no more than simple realism to admit that a large number will add to suburban sprawl. As pressures at the centre build up, people will continue to seek healthier and more open living conditions at the urban perimeter, willingly paying the extra cost in travel time and impaired efficiency. Many of the large urban authorities are still pinning their faith in the development of large housing estates outside their boundaries, with boundary adjustments probably to follow—a policy abandoned by the farther-sighted L.C.C. after its early post-war experiences with "out-county" estates. It is true that this type of development is better planned and less voracious of land than the sprawl of private suburban villas. The overwhelming preference for a house with a garden, as opposed to a flat is also met. But the long journey to work, the cost in money and nervous wear and tear, and the absence of the essential urban community facilities, tend to make them little better than social graveyards. And the countryside is elbowed still farther away from the city centre.

Second, there will be continued agitation to raise the housing density of central areas where new buildings and redevelopment are possible. The cry is for more and higher blocks of flats. To a large extent this is a self-defeating process. To increase over-all density from 100 to 150 persons an acre does not mean that 33 per cent. more dwellings can be provided than was previously the case. The extra population housed in a given area creates a need for extra land for schools, playing areas, and open space, shops and all other communal facilities. In any case, flats are heartily disliked by most people, as well as costing a great deal more than a house to build. To put one's faith in "sky-high-density" central development is to imply a willingness to tolerate meagre open-space provision, the continued overloading of public transport, the growth in volume and decrease in speed of town road traffic, and the colossal waste of valuable resources all this represents. Finally, of course, central pressure is not relieved even if it is redistributed. A large part of the urban population will still seek more open living conditions, and green-belt notions can be shelved once and for all as the demand for houses and gardens nearer the countryside maintains, and even increases, its momentum.

In the third place, there is now complete acceptance that urban congestion is the result of the excessive concentration of industrial and commercial employment in certain big centres. There will be no relief of overcrowding in these centres while this degree of concentration exists. It was acknowledgement of this elementary fact that persuaded the Labour government to pass the New Towns Act in 1946. Under this Act, eight new towns are being built within about 30 miles of London. When they are completed in the next few years they will have provided homes for 250,000 Londoners who have moved with the factories and offices in which they worked. But in 1960 the L.C.C. will still be seeking to provide homes *outside its boundaries* for more than 100,000 families. No new towns have been designated for Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham and Leeds.

Slow progress has been made under the Town Development Act, 1952, which provides for a measure of government assistance in the expansion of country towns by the reception of jobs and workers from the large cities. At present, progress under both Acts is of the order of about 14,000 houses a year. While in effect this is little better than nibbling at the fringe of the problem, it is a start. What is now needed is that a target should be set of the order of 50,000 houses a year in new towns and expanded towns. This involves the designation of about 20 sites for new towns, and the establishment of the development corporations to build them. At the same time, a greater number of Town Development Act schemes should be pushed ahead, and much more quickly. The machinery of dispersal exists and has proved itself to be highly effective, if the will to make it work is there.

WYN THOMAS

Fleet Street Notebook

WITH Suez no longer dominating the front pages to quite the same extent as during the last few weeks, it is perhaps worth while taking a look at the sort of papers we seem likely to have as Fleet Street settles itself back in the old routine. The effect of the release of more newsprint is already with us—taking its toll on the eyes, nerves and digestive powers of those of us impelled by morbid curiosity or professional necessity to struggle through all the pages of all the papers. We have now moved into the era of 12- and 14-page *Daily Expresses*, *Mails* and *Telegraphs* and 20- and 24-page *Mirrors*, with the *News Chronicle*, *Herald* and *Sketch* still, as yet, lagging and slim, in the rear—not it should be made clear because their staffs are less anxious to put pen to more and more paper in the interests of popular enlightenment, but because so far advertisers have been unwilling to play the part in footing bigger newsprint bills.

I propose in the next week or so, if Sir Anthony Eden's blood pressure stays down and he does not decide to threaten someone else to show what a good Conservative Prime Minister he is, to take a detailed look at just what those newspapers that can afford fresh acres of newsprint are actually doing with them. But while courteously giving them a chance to settle down to their new opportunity, responsibility (or whatever you like to call it) before passing judgment, there are, I think, certain important questions which it is worth while considering.

The first of these is whether there is really any evidence that newspaper readers want bigger papers. It is assumed in Fleet Street that you can't have too much of a good thing: that the millions who eagerly clamoured for 14- or 16-page *Mirrors* or ten- or 12-page *Expresses* will clamour for them all the more if they are getting on for twice the size. I am not sure that this assessment of reading appetites is necessarily correct.

It is a significant fact, not perhaps always given its full weight in newspaper board rooms and by the offices of higher management and editorial executives, that the vast increase in newspaper readership, which has completely altered the complexion of the newspaper industry over the past decade and a half, has all taken place during a period of small newspapers. It is true that in the great newspaper wars of the Thirties when the *Express*, the *Mail* and the *Herald* struggled for circulation mastery, size was one of the big factors. 24-page papers were judged almost (but not, of course, quite) as important as silk stockings, mangles and bound volumes of Dickens in the fight for the unconverted reader.

But the circulation increases of those years, substantial though they were compared with anything that had happened before, have been completely overshadowed by what has happened subsequently. It is since 1939 that the really great increase in newspaper reading has taken place. And more particularly it has been over the last ten or 12 years that the really big popular demand for the *Mirror* and *Express* on weekdays, and the *Pictorial*, *People*, *Sunday Express* and even to some extent that old traditional, the *News of the World*, has developed.

These years have seen the exploitation of a wholly new reading public, which did not take newspapers with any regularity before and which has developed an appetite for them exclusively as small papers making no inordinate demand on their time. Now it may be that they will be glad to have more and more of what they like. Or it may be that, if they begin to find there is too much for even the most avid newspaper reading public in the world to take in, they will simply cut down by taking one paper instead of two—as a substantial, but by no means dominating, section of the newspaper reading public already does. In that event it seems only too likely that the *Herald*, *News Chronicle* and possibly the *Sketch*, which do not at the moment command sufficient circulation to secure with any regularity or certainty enough advertising to make bigger issues economic, will suffer among daily newspapers; and *Reynolds* and perhaps the *Empire News* and the *Dispatch* among Sundays.

But although overlapping circulation is of considerable significance to the weakest of the popular papers, and has some importance in swelling total readership figures, it is not a major factor. It is still the case that a very large proportion of the faithful readers of the mass circulation dailies are single newspaper men and women—although this is less so with Sunday papers. Do they really want all that much more to read? The big problem that faces popular

magazine publishers at present is that they are forced to compete for the spare time of a public whose time for reading is getting less and less, what with television and one thing and another. This has been less of a problem for morning papers. But if the morning paper becomes again, as it was in the Thirties, a daily magazine that claims spare time in the evening as well as on the morning journey if there is to be any hope of getting through it, it may easily become so.

Moreover, it may well be that a good part of the appeal of the *Mirror* and the *Express* to the vast new war- and post-war public which they have between them succeeded in almost completely cornering, lay partly in the fact that they were easy to read and grasp. They have offered a picture of the world (often highly individual but rarely unexciting) that could be absorbed in a quick rush. When the stamina of a marathon runner is required to get through all the pages, some of those who have little liking or capacity for reading in more than short gulps may begin to falter. It will be interesting to see.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Two Sorts of Drake

REALLY, this time, I should have gone to Madrid. It was, in a sense, the whole idea. "Write a book about Madrid," said my publishers, but in the summer I stayed and trembled at Tarragona. "Don't go to Madrid," they said, "the people laugh but are false." Others, exiles from Rioja, Extramadura, or Andalusia, said "Go to Madrid. You laugh and are slightly mad, and it is your town. The people here are as heavy as a plate of stale rice." For one thing, it was too hot and you fry omelettes on the pavements of Madrid in July until October, and by now, in late December, it was so cold that they put overcoats on the statues. Then there was Maria Antonia.

I had been to Madrid several times. The first time I passed through it on a bicycle on my way to the Monastery of San Guadaloupe, where I heard, from a fat crying monk, that the King of Spain had been thrown out of his palace. The next time I visited it with my wife. In a lavatory in Seville I had perused a piece of torn newspaper which contained details of the death of a prominent Marquésa whom I was able to identify as a relative of my mother's family. Her brother, I discovered, was called the Marqués Drake de Cuerdo y Castillo, and I thought it might be a good idea to visit him. After finding out where he lived, in an enormous apartment house off the Calle de Alcala, we took a taxi and rang at his doorbell.

The door was opened by an acid housekeeper who sniffed at me like a greyhound of Ferdinand and Isabella. "I am a relative of the Marqués," I said stupidly, suddenly aware that I hadn't shaved after the midnight journey, and was wearing the sort of pullover affected by down-and-out riding masters in Rottingdean. "One moment," said the housekeeper, flying into the dark apartment like an outraged bat. We stood there, and in the distance I could hear a barrel organ playing a tango from the "Lights of Buenos Aires." Memories of my honeymoon in Puerto de Santa Maria, where the cinemas go on until four o'clock in the morning (since they have to keep turning back the film), flooded my head. What did I want from the Marqués Drake de Cuerdo y Castillo? Possibly a legacy. "My dear sir," he would say, "my house is your house. Never have I forgotten the ties which bind my nation with your nation. Stay here indefinitely. My cousins would be enchanted to see a twig from the English family tree." My wife and I were leaving Spain and I had a presentiment of rot and failure in English boarding houses, of prams and nostalgia and scraping for talent, editors' regrets, and unpaid bills at the dairies. All the music, the devotion, the robustness, the interior intelligence of English life could not compensate for exact geography. Life, for me, has a very objective magic, and I can only breathe near the Mediterranean.

Finally a figure appeared, and I gasped, holding on to the door handle. The man standing before me *was*, I could swear, my uncle. My Uncle Jack, the worldly uncle of my mother's family, bald and leaning forward with the slightly diplomatic air of a man interviewing an earthquake. "Uncle Jack," I cried, seizing his hand and laughing. He withdrew his hand and gazed at me in astonishment. Possibly there was a slight coldness in his eyes, but then, too, my Uncle Jack could, on occasion, have coldness in his eyes. Swatting a fly, for instance, or paying an outrageous bill. "Uncle Jack," I repeated, "I am Anthony and this is my wife." Obviously I spoke in English, and I began telling my wife about Uncle Jack and East Coker and the games of Demon Patience that we used to play. Yet, quite obviously and suddenly it wasn't Uncle Jack, and there was no reason at all why my charming, village-ridden and insular uncle should be standing at an apartment house door in Madrid. "I don't speak English," said the Marqués, with a slight bow. "May I know any particulars relating to our possible acquaintanceship?" "Why, yes," I cried, suddenly infuriated, because the legend of the runaway Drake bachelor who disappeared from East Coker centuries ago and turned up as a marquis in Madrid had never ceased to agitate the memories of the family. I gave him an outline of the story, and even related the particulars of the lavatory in Seville. He didn't smile. "My house," he said, "is your house." After living for any period in Spain, one becomes fully aware that this statement is not to be taken seriously. Nobody in the south of Spain eats a mouthful of food without offering it, with swimming gestures, to the nearest stranger. Only in the wildest parts of the country, where the beautiful Moorish tradition remains valid in all its purity, can it be accepted on its face value. Then, and then only, must one sort lettuces by the roadside, munch chorizo sausage in brothels, or omelettes in trains.

"Thank you, sir," I said, "but I really must explain." I still spoke in English. "I never speak English," said the Marqués in a cold voice, "it is a language we do not use in the house." I received the impression that it might be spoken in the kennels, and French in the kitchens. "Thank you, sir," I said in Spanish, "but I really must explain." "Proceed," said the Marqués, lighting a Turkish cigarette. "I have stopped in Madrid, especially to visit you. This is my wife, and I am on my way to Paris." "Paris is a city of great interest," said the Marqués. I held back a smile, because this was just the sort of remark my Uncle Jack might have made, walking beside the church at East Coker on a frosty morning, exercising the dog. "I thought it a matter of great interest," I said, "that the two families shall make some sort of contact." "Ah," he said and looked at me with a cold polite eye. I began to read his thoughts. I was obviously an impostor. What would Uncle Jack have said if a seedy young Spaniard had knocked at the house door and said he was a Drake, particularly if a relative had lately died, leaving a lot of money. Then he suddenly smiled, but his face became wintry again. "The name of Drake has different connotations in England and Spain," he said, offering me a Turkish cigarette. "Much water has flowed under many bridges."

I stood there, trying to read the entirely alien thoughts of this man who so exactly resembled Uncle Jack, who was hedged by as many prejudices, but ones that I could not even imagine. In the background, in the dim distance, stood the figure of Sir Francis Drake ploughing through the Bay of Biscay on the Golden Hind. "We also have a sense of humour," said the Marqués, "but on certain questions, perhaps the differences are too great. When you return to Madrid, kindly remember that my house is your house," he said; and as we walked down the steps he waved and his face was full of Demon Patience and *Autos de Fé* and the sound of the Calle de Alcala tumbling on the barrel organ. One always has to remember that Don Quixote, the great beloved, was less and more than an ordinary gentleman.

ANTHONY CARSON

War Cemetery, Monte Cassino

Gunfire at heart, pitting rich earth,
Confirms the white gravestones' worth.
Under gladioli, farmers, plums and wheat
Thick under the heat cramping this land,
Soldiers are contained.

Gunfire in polar silence, as the heat was then
Will continually deafen
Monks on mules, ploughmen, the women weighing
Plums and a survivor praying who kneels
Below the monastery, level with the fields.

Be it never repeated as it was under fire:
Whining of bullets, muter whine of fear,
Petals intercepting faces, shrapnel on the wind
Like seed on barren stone
By the unlucky sown.

Be it never again the blue sky holds irony
Or white walls repel the wounded many
Bleeding on the shocked cicadas and the soil,
And be this monastery known to all
As bombardment's finest coronal.

Delicate the pensioned air, white stones,
The valley languid while it groans
With pain beneath and summer weight above
Of plums and lushest green. Heroic blood
Feeds flowers bunching where the wounded stood

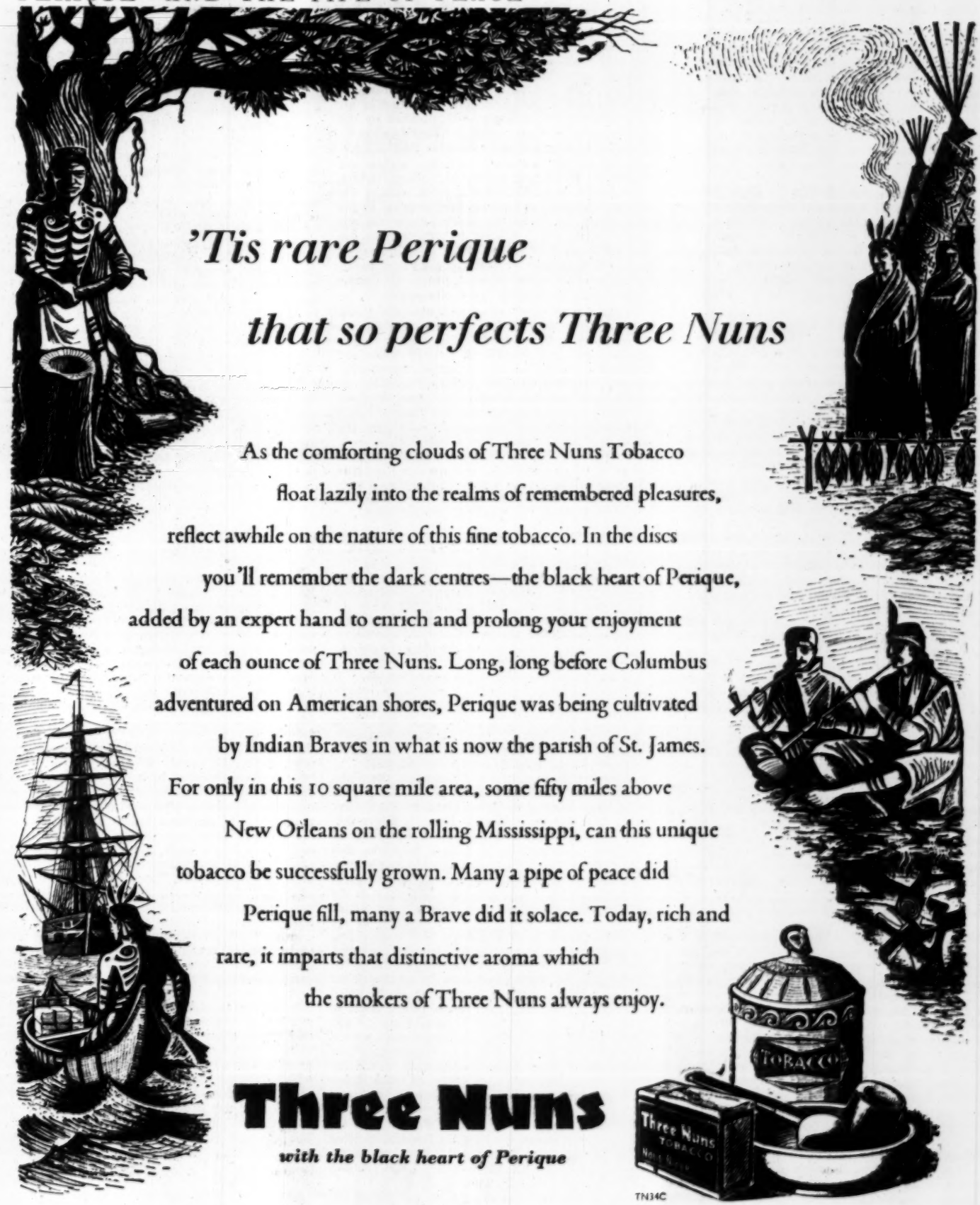
And yet stays underneath: no extra red
Among the blooms denotes the dead.
O white monastery looking down, receive
The fated, lonely and obsessed who trapped
Their life in this well-gardened crypt.

Customary prayers go unfulfilled
For soldiers whom the monastery killed.
Buildings can be raised again, but men too easily
Are smashed beyond repair. There is nothing here
Save the present summer and the blank glare

Of the hill and the monastery walls of white.
Saints are born and are not made. Contrite
Elections by survivors furnish heroes only
Who have ample need of saints and monument
Although survivors come to kneel here and repent.

PAUL WEST

PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE



'Tis rare Perique

that so perfects Three Nuns

As the comforting clouds of Three Nuns Tobacco float lazily into the realms of remembered pleasures, reflect awhile on the nature of this fine tobacco. In the discs you'll remember the dark centres—the black heart of Perique, added by an expert hand to enrich and prolong your enjoyment of each ounce of Three Nuns. Long, long before Columbus adventured on American shores, Perique was being cultivated by Indian Braves in what is now the parish of St. James. For only in this 10 square mile area, some fifty miles above New Orleans on the rolling Mississippi, can this unique tobacco be successfully grown. Many a pipe of peace did Perique fill, many a Brave did it solace. Today, rich and rare, it imparts that distinctive aroma which the smokers of Three Nuns always enjoy.

Three Nuns

with the black heart of Perique

TN34C

The Arts and Entertainment

Exit and Credo ?

THIS, by my own request, is the last regular article I shall write for the next year. But what of the past five years? What do they add up to? The only fact of which I am certain is that I have sold three extra copies of this paper: one bought by my mother; another by a charmingly obsessed admirer; and, the last by myself in a regular fit of impatience, before my complimentary copy arrives late, to discover if and how I have been cut.

Nor am I being entirely flippant about this: for if the critic wants a personal assessment of what his effect has been, he is bound to get a dusty answer. The critic is a bastard—in more senses than one. Finally, he has no definite status. He is merely the index of the tension, the relationship between the changes taking place in art and the changes taking place in the ideas and economics of his time.

Whenever I look at a work of art as a critic, I try—Ariadne-like for the path is by no means a straight one—to follow up the threads connecting it to the early Renaissance, Picasso, the Five Year Plans of Asia, the man-eating hypocrisy and sentimentality of our establishment, and to an eventual Socialist revolution in this country. And if the aesthetes jump at this confession to say that it proves that I am a political propagandist, I am proud of it. But my heart and eye have remained those of a painter. I take it for granted that one considers and is acutely sensitive to the formal, painterly, technical qualities of a picture, as I also take for granted that an artist's political opinions may have little to do with his work. What I cannot and will not take for granted is the shameful public role that the artist is forced to play in our society: the role of a huckster amusing that small sophisticated section of the public who are queueing up in their own furry night for their own personal salvation via Culture. And this role will not be changed by getting the tones right or the forms sculptural. It can only be altered—though it hasn't always been—by Five Year Plans.

It is frequently said that the Battle of Realism has now been won, although those who, believing this, want to jump on to the triumphant band wagon almost fall off again backwards in their anxiety to explain that they don't, of course, mean SOCIAL realism. In fact, very little has been won, and it is only the petty-minded who reduce a philosophical belief to one superficial, easily recognisable "style," just as they reduce people to cyphers by a yard-stick of manners ("Is it R., Butch, to paint a nude in a wood?")—it is only such people who can believe in any present victory of Realism. There will be no such victory until reasonable talent, as opposed to genius, can produce satisfying works of art—and that means an alive, teachable tradition, a confident society and a broad cultural public.

Only two things have been achieved to date. First, certain young painters, encouraged to look at the life around them, are now in a position to retackle the eternal problems of image-making, and so have liberated themselves from the blind alley of shape-making, wrongly named after Cézanne. Secondly, the earlier nineteenth-century masters—Goya, Delacroix, Géricault, Daumier, Courbet—have been taken out of the deep freeze into which they were put by Fry, and their example can now show that there is a central tradition of European art which began in the Renaissance and did *not* have to be restarted by the Post-Impressionists. But that is the entire achievement: two illusions broken.

Abstract expressionism, "action" painting or whatever you like to call it, still deceives both artists and pundits, although it is the most literal reflection of the ultimate, passive hopelessness of *laissez faire*; the subjective justification of what has happened as the result of almost pure accident. Other artists, dehumanised by their isolation, still resort to Sunday sensationalism, which depends upon turning facts into freaks. The Academics die on, tempting with the vision of another world. The unrealistic separation of art from architecture continues—exemplified by the waste and misunderstanding of Léger's genius.

Yet even if all these confusions and frustrations could be overcome entirely within the studios, galleries and architects' offices (which they cannot be), there would still remain the essential problem of popular participation in the arts—which is a civil servant's phrase for the electric, mysterious process by which men can help each other to grow. And it is because I believe that our society now prevents at home, and actively threatens abroad, nearly all human growth, that I am with the Communists.

In the end we must await new men for a new integration of the arts, and in the meanwhile we can only struggle to improve the separate component parts. Admittedly the words "new men" may strike the old as naive; but on the psychological level it is our present distrust of what we anyway call naivety which more than anything else fragmentates and destroys our creative spirit. Admittedly also the communist politician and artist have in the past stared each other out—and blindly, each expecting the other to recognise the same responsibilities. But we can fight this, knowing in the recent words of the Czech poet Seifert that "when a statesman keeps silent on a certain question that is strategy, when an artist keeps silent he is lying."

All these, you may say, are Golden Rain generalisations: what about actual painters themselves, alone with the challenge of a white canvas? Yet none of what I have ever said would have any meaning at all if it were not for the fact that artists still obstinately exist: if it were not for William Roberts, forgotten but bitterly continuing to work; Keith Vaughan learning small step by small step how to make a landscape yield a figure; Ceri Richards searching for the precise centre of his turbulence; Epstein, like Rodin, impregnating clay with his sense of the passing of time; Pasmore making his logical, lonely and we do not yet know whether vain experiments; Claude Rogers marvelling at a field as carefully as a grocer at his stock; George Fullard and Peter de Francia working imaginatively and steadily in their studio despite the unimaginative steady refusal of galleries to show their work; Michael Ayrton experimenting to interpret psychology without any easy recourse to surrealism; Greaves and Middleditch refusing to look back on their success, beginning again; Peter Peri casting unwanted concrete with a gritty truth in it, and others, known and unknown—for I persist in believing that the unknown are at least the equal of the known. All their tenacity and talents should force us to generalise, to connect. Go and see Jack Smith's new canvases at the Beaux Arts and Philip Sutton's at Roland, Browse and Delbanco. Think of nothing but the pictures as you stand in front of them. But in the end they will either make you grow or they will make you shrink. And the process of growing is the process of learning to connect. And every extension of a person's awareness is a political fact.

JOHN BERGER

Thomas the Word-spinner

WHAT a year for words this has been in the London theatre! After the longest closed season the West End has ever known, the birds of speech have been rising in clouds night after night at the Royal Court, the Piccadilly and elsewhere. It began back in January with the clear crisp prose of Mr. Angus Wilson's *The Mulberry Tree*. Here at last, we felt, was some adult dialogue. It made, we agreed, a change. Later, at the year's high noon, we listened delightedly to the flyting, spanner-chucking badinage of the young man in *Look Back in Anger*, and the exquisite fooling of Mr. Ustinov's diplomats. Now, in the midst of a late harvest, comes the Master.

Whatever its reception in Edinburgh, there can be no doubt that *Under Milk Wood* has got off to a roaring start at the New Theatre. As a mere piece of production, Messrs. Douglas Cleverdon and Edward Burnham have made a superb job of the play, orchestrating it with a boldness that brings out every nuance and beauty in the text. From the moment the Narrator begins that great first speech ("It is spring, a moonless night in the small town, starlit and bible-black") the whole crazy, everyman world that is Llareggub in the Spring quickens to life. On the play goes, piling up conceits, metaphors, bubbling extravagances, bucket after bucket of words scooped from the foaming Dewi. Only afterwards do we remember the high-lights—Captain Cat calling up his dead ("Hold me, captain, I am Jonah Jarvis, come to a bad end, very enjoyable"); Miss Price dreaming of her lover "tall as the town clock tower, Samson-syrup-gold-maned, whacking thighed and piping hot"; Mrs. Ogmore-Pritchard, fierce descendant of Captain Guppy's relict in *Bleak House* and *her* dead, the wives goose-hissing as sweet Polly Garter, with her body like a wardrobe, trips through the town to scrub the Welfare Hall for the Mothers' Social; the Rev. Eli Jenkins, slipping out of his house to greet another day, and deprecatingly hymn the joys of Goosegog Lane, Donkey Down and the singing Dewi.

The butcher runs amok, glee singers yodel, the children come scampering out of school, the local post-mistress steams open the town's mail, Mr. Morgan's organ spirals its voluntaries. An earthy idyll has been re-enacted. One's only criticism is the static quality of the play, something one had missed at a mere first reading. Everything and nothing happens in Llareggub. Life just goes on and on, tomorrow is another day. Even the fishermen have decided it is too rough for fishing today and "moss-slow and silent" are making their way to the pub. While Thomas was writing *Milk Wood*, he felt that "some kind of plot seemed to be necessary" and sketched the idea of the healthy, insane town pitting itself against the sane, conformist world. Whether the play would have been improved if he had used this idea, one can't say; it would obviously have gained greatly in active plot, but a great deal of the fun and the poetry might have been spilled in the process.

Donald Houston makes a fine Narrator and, out of the rest of the large, almost pantomime-sized cast, I would uninvidiously select Richard Curnock, William Squire, Diana Maddox and, above all, T. H. Evans as the Rev. Eli Jenkins, whose mock eighteenth-century poem, on the night I saw the play, almost brought the house down.

After such an evening *The Children's Hour* (Arts Theatre) could hardly escape being an anti-climax. The point about Miss Hellman's play, surely (and it is this that makes the Lord Chamberlain's strictures look so insanely silly) is that, far from being a heavyweight, chesty-voiced discussion of Lesbian problems, it is a spanking melodrama about suspicion and a nasty problem child. Personally, I enjoyed the first two acts greatly but was incredibly bored by the third, which seemed the most spun out and artificial piece of theatre that I have endured for a long time. The play is not helped much by the acting—it contains one egregiously bad performance—but it is well worth seeing, if only for Miss Margaret Halstan's superb playing of the credulous grandmother. What a change it makes to see a completely authentic portrayal of what used to be known as 'a lady.'

JOHN RAYMOND

TO OCTOBER'S BREADWINNER

What's happening to bread in October? Many people are asking for an explanation in simple terms.

The new whiter bread When things were difficult during the war, white bread was not true white; it was 'national' white. To make the wheat go further more of the wheat berry was going into the flour—a little of the bran and a little wheatgerm—and this gave the loaf its off-white look. Whether we liked it or not, we flourished on it.

On Monday October 1st 'national' bread ceases to exist. The bran and wheatgerm come out and those who want their bread snowy white can have it so. But the government says that certain standards must be maintained and has laid down a way in which the loaf must be fortified. The idea is to give you back on the roundabouts what the whiter bread will be losing on the swings.

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A WORD ABOUT PRICES *Until now the price of many breads has been kept down by government subsidy. Hovis is not subsidized, so the difference in price has been greater than usual. When the subsidy ends in October, this difference in price will be smaller. Measured by nourishment and flavour, Hovis is the best bargain in bread today.*

Don't just say 'brown', say 'Hovis'

The Maestro

CONDUCTING has become a rather horrible activity: it brings out too readily the "sacred monster" that lurks inside every artist. It involves a perpetual battle of wills. The huge modern orchestra, buttressed by Trades Union intransigence, is a tough proposition; the modern conductor, facing a hundred old soldiers who know just how much they can get away with, needs to be musician and sergeant-major at once. A few veterans like Bruno Walter and Pierre Monteux preserve the old tradition of charm and courtesy, but they are a vanishing breed. Those who get to the top tend increasingly to be tyrants of one sort or another; the most famous of all, Arturo Toscanini, has also been the most absolute of tyrants.

Everything about Toscanini is extreme: his energy and his longevity (he has retained his powers almost unimpaired into his late eighties); his likes and his dislikes; his fabulous memory, his blind rages, his uncompromising stand against Fascism and Nazism, his single-minded and life-long pursuit of unattainable perfection. He has always been a centre of controversy; and now that he is in retirement, controversy surrounds two new books devoted, one to his personality, the other to his art. The first, by Samuel Chotzinoff*, is aptly described as "an intimate portrait." The author, a former music critic, has known the Toscanini family well for some thirty years; it was he who succeeded in the difficult task of luring the seventy-year-old conductor back to America to lead the newly-formed NBC Symphony Orchestra. Considering the artistic consequences of this achievement, I think it may be said that the musical world deserves well of Mr. Chotzinoff. But perhaps he was ill-advised to publish his reminiscences during the subject's life-time. His admiration for the great man is so deep that he scarcely seems to have realised the effect which his candid portrait might have on a reader outside the charmed circle. The portrait is at once richly comical and evidently authentic; the grounds on which it has been attacked seemed to me flimsy. Mr. Ernest Newman has protested sharply against the author's attempt to reproduce Toscanini's spoken blend of Italian and a highly idiosyncratic English; but the intention here was surely not, as Mr. Newman suggests, to caricature the great man's opinions, but simply to preserve the veracity of the picture. Mr. Chotzinoff is an excellent Boswell, and his accounts of Toscanini's conversation and anecdotes would lose much of their flavour and zest if translated into a correct English which the speaker never used. As for the practical jokes played on, and no less enthusiastically by, "the Maestro," we must accept the fact that, like other absolute monarchs, he has a weakness for elementary fun.

Simplicity and concentration are the keynotes of his character as man and musician. He could get such extraordinary results because of his unwavering conviction that what he wanted was invariably and precisely what the composer wanted; in relation to the composer, he was truly a modest man. In the course of his perpetual struggles to communicate his inner vision of a score to his players, he would sometimes castigate his own incompetence, sometimes exclaim in agony: "I feel they are my enemy. I want to *kill* them . . . they are beasts . . . yes, beasts." He was capable of physical violence, both to musicians and to inanimate objects; having once in a towering rage ground a valuable watch to pieces under his heel, he was presented by an admirer with a pair of cheap Ingersolls for similar use on future occasions, took no offence at the gift—and eventually pulverised both. Such behaviour under the stress of rehearsal, farcical as it sounds, is evidently the by-product of fanatical concentration; carried over into private life, however, it begins to look more like the natural Actonian consequence of unlimited power. No one ever opposes his most outrageous opinions. He sees everything in operatic black and white: this is a "scandal," that is a "marvel"; other conductors are "pigs" or "assassins"; all singers are "dogs." The mighty dead are not safe from his scorn: having invited the granddaughter of Liszt to luncheon, he reduces her to tears by describing her grandfather as "a charlatan, a *poseur*"; not until his attention is diverted to Mascagni, another *bête noire,* is the situation precariously eased.

His concentration and pure musicianship, coupled with the sheer vitality and energy of his nature, communicated to players and audience a vision of great music *as a structural whole* such as can seldom have been so clearly embodied in performance. Not every composer responded equally well to treatment so intense; and his repertory, in many respects surprisingly narrow, on the whole avoided composers with whom he was out of sympathy. It is one of the many merits of Robert Marsh's book† that he does not make absurd and exaggerated claims for Toscanini's art. The book is in the first place an admirable piece of documentation, built around a *catalogue raisonné* of the whole confused corpus of Toscanini's gramophone recordings which I have already found invaluable, and including also an appendix which lists in detail Toscanini's concert repertory during the last thirty years of his career. Mr. Marsh's musical comments are occasionally naive: for instance, those on Brahms, on a non-existent high note in "Ritorna vincitor," or on the Bayreuth Orchestra of 1930 which he calls "an indifferent pit orchestra" (I was there, and can assure him it was no such thing). This book, too, has provoked controversy: another American Toscanini specialist, Mr. B. H. Haggin of *The Nation,* questions the acuteness and accuracy of Mr. Marsh's ear as a judge of recorded sound. Here we get into very deep waters, since we all have different equipment, and moreover many of the most famous Toscanini recordings have been issued and re-issued in America with all kinds of "enhanced" sound-qualities which are by some considered an improvement and by some a coarsening. Frequently—for instance, on the curious feebleness of Toscanini's recorded version of Brahms's Third Symphony—Mr. Marsh's views seem to me absolutely just. But even if I found them far less reliable, I should continue to think his book essential as the only full and clear account of what now remains to us of Toscanini's astonishing career: the golden residue of all those titanic rages and ardours and ecstasies.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

* *Toscanini.* By SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

† *Toscanini and the Art of Orchestral Performance.* By R. C. MARSH. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

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The Movies

IT is a pity, but Sam Goldwyn has not succeeded in making a good film out of *Guys and Dolls* (Empire). The reason is obvious enough in the film's trailer; in large, Technicolor close-up Mr. Goldwyn's hand signs the million dollar cheque he gave for the screen rights to the play. To ensure a return on this investment, it was necessary to spend four and a half million dollars more on the production. The result probably cannot lose money; but it has certainly spoiled the fun.

Over-produced, over-dressed and over-crowded, *Guys and Dolls* is the biggest of the current crop of CinemaScope musicals—there are two hours and 29 minutes of it. This, to begin with, is a mistaken inflation of the racy "Broadway fable" which was Frank Loesser's description of his original, Runyon-inspired show. But probably Goldwyn's cardinal error was to hire Joseph L. Mankiewicz to write and direct it. On the stage, *Guys and Dolls* was Loesser's musical comedy, with a book by Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows. It has been turned into a film "written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz" (large letters), with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser. The difference is profound. From *All About Eve* to *The Barefoot Contessa,* Mankiewicz's pretensions to "make with the words" have grown steadily more tiresome. Turned loose on *Guys and Dolls,* he has expanded the narrative scenes quite unnecessarily, over-plugged the Runyonisms, and got everything (actors included) bogged down in otiose passages of dialogue. Fortunately most of Loesser's marvellous numbers turn up in the end: brilliantly witty and well performed, they are worth waiting for. The cast is excellent. Marlon Brando does not take to song-and-dance exactly like a duck to water, but he has a good and engaging go at it. Jean Simmons is fresh and very winning as the Salvation Army heroine, and Sinatra and Vivian Blaine need no commendation from me. It is Mankiewicz' direction that sorely lacks the lyric impulse, and I do not think that his film's deficiency in charm is merely because (in the words of *The Times* critic) "the majority of its characters are the kind of men who would take part in a crap game in a sewer at midnight."

Whatever one's reservations about a film like *Guys and Dolls,* there is no denying its supreme professionalism. The vitality of its dancing, the effectiveness of its orchestration, its superb technical qualities, the enormous, gorgeous Goldwyn girls—these represent Hollywood at its still unbeatable best. Beside such showmanship, our native entertainments cannot help looking a bit amateurish. But perhaps *A Hill in Korea* (Odeon, Marble Arch) is aimed at doing something more than senselessly divert? If so, what? A poster describes this as "The very first film dedicated to National Servicemen and drafted men of the free nations, past and present." But a limp posy of screenwriter's clichés seems a poor offering with which to reward these honourable sufferers. *A Hill in Korea* is far from being a realistic film about modern war. It is not about its futility; and it says nothing very convincing about courage. It is not about why we were right to send these men to fight in Korea; and it is not about why we might have been wrong, either. Presented with a certain, ineffective good taste, it is a pointless reworking of stale conventions: the

isolated patrol, the inexperienced lieutenant, the fatherly sergeant, the coward—and, of course, the inevitable chorus of indomitable Cockney wit. The Bren guns blaze away; the British infantrymen grit their teeth in close-up; the Chink Commies are mown down. "Honest," as one of the characters remarks, "It binds you rigid." In supporting roles actors like Ronald Lewis, Michael Medwin, Victor Maddern and Harry Landis give honest and impressive performances.

The new film at the Academy is a Festival discovery: Ingmar Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night* caused rapture among the French at Cannes this year, and was given a prize for "*L'Humour Poétique*." Its theme is love and licence among a group of *fin-de-siècle* Swedes: heavily frolicsome, emphatically sensual, and beautifully photographed in that hygienic, refrigerated style the Swedes are so good at. A French critic caught the personality of this film perfectly when he called it "a film for adults, made by a man who knows that love is a very serious matter, which should never be talked about except with a smile." If you like that sort of thing, go to it.

LINDSAY ANDERSON

A Scream in the Night

SUCH is the prestige of the BBC's *Special Inquiry* series that Associated-Rediffusion essayed, on Tuesday night, an experiment in the same genre—"a special hard-hitting report," as they called it, "on a burning issue of the day."

The burning issue in question was "fan fever"—the behaviour of the teen-age girls who worship singers of popular songs: "what turns ordinary girls into a social phenomenon?" The hard hitting was the impact on our eyes and ears of some really first-rate documentary recording of the girls' behaviour: oblivious of the camera, they screamed, writhed, gasped, beat their pretty but clammy brows, suffered the delicious agonies of divine possession common to all the lower mystery religions.

As might be expected, the most extreme of them were devotees of Mr. Johnnie Ray, whose British fans were said to be organised in fifty-six clubs. We saw some of the 320 members of the largest branch. One member, who had "I love Johnnie" tattooed on her arm, had seen his only film forty-seven times. Another, pointing to what looked like a button on her dress, said: "This is a piece of the carpet that Johnnie trod on when he was here . . ." (She had obtained it from a West End club.) Several claimed to have been kissed by him. One admitted to "very unpleasant dreams," in which Mr. Ray always died.

I—or rather, policemen and alienists must—shudder to think of the excesses that will attend the first visit to England of the even more hypnotic and delirious Mr. Elvis Presley, known to his American fans and publicity men as "The Pelvis" or "The Ultra of Rock." Rather "unethically", I thought, Mr. Liberace's personal manager "knocked" Mr. Presley in this programme, alleging that his style of singing had "a very low moral quality," not in keeping with "clean family life."

There seems, however, to be in Australia, a reforming wing of the Ray cult. A member of this even repudiated the term "fan," saying: "A fan to us is something that screams, and we don't, I hope. We're trying to keep Johnnie Ray's name alive in Australia. He's had a lot of bad publicity there. We want to prove to people he's not bad at heart."

All this made vital television, and it was balanced and rounded off by interviews with complacent or indignant parents, a tolerant woman psychiatrist (who said that the girl with the bit of carpet was "invoking the oldest magic of all"), and a fan-club organiser (who awards a fan-of-the-month prize to the most active fan, *e.g.*, the girl who "went from Swindon to Birmingham and saw Jimmy Young every night for a week"); a disapproving parent remarked that she "could be more usefully employed." Behind the screams, as the commentator said, is big business.

It was refreshing to see on commercial television so vigorous and objective a social document. I suppose it was possible because the nature of the subject necessitated the use of material that even the most moronic teen-agers would themselves enjoy seeing. The feature sagged and became static only when the various "experts" were seen sitting around discussing the subject.

It is a common TV formula, and an activity in which most of us take part constantly, but perhaps there is beginning to be something intrinsically dull in a picture of middle-aged men simply talking, especially about business. On Tuesday night, also, the BBC gave us the first of Mr. Aidan Crawley's new series, *The Edge of Success*—"seven programmes about British industry today". This made no concessions at all, except for a few cursory views of The Hague and Amsterdam: our pudding-faced customers and agents simply talked and talked, about slow deliveries of spare parts and other matters of economic importance.

This is a thoroughly worthy sort of programme, and nobody does it more conscientiously than Mr. Crawley; but I longed desperately for a little more visual relief. We did indeed see cars and suitcases, but when Mr. Crawley was arguing about the respective merits of the designs of British and German refrigerators, we might have been shown comparative illustrations. . . . *Anything* to get away from those solemn, talking faces—and the trouble, for TV producers, is that one can get away, one is not penned in a theatre-seat, one can switch to (in this case) international professional lawn tennis; and *that* is something which would not be, as the initial *Edge of Success* would have been; almost as adequate on sound alone.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

NASSER AND THE 1888 CONVENTION

SIR,—In your issue of September 15, you refer to Sir Anthony Eden's claim that "Colonel Nasser has 'destroyed the balance' of the 1888 system and removed one of its essential guarantees" by nationalising the Suez Canal Company. The only reference to the Company in the Convention appears in Article XIV, which runs: "The High Contracting Parties agree that the engagements resulting from the present treaty shall not be limited by the duration of the acts of concession of the Universal Company of the Suez Canal." In other words the Convention was intended to have permanent validity in international law, at least until and unless revised by international agreement. It was well known at the time that the Company's concession would end in 1968.

Colonel Nasser does not dispute the validity of the Convention. He has indeed more than once specifically confirmed it. He has not yet done anything inconsistent with its provisions. And he has offered to convene an international conference to review it and bring it up to date. It badly needs that, as the passage of years has left much dead wood in its train. Only three of the original nine signatories of the Convention, Britain, France and the Netherlands, survive in their late 19th-century shape. A divided Germany and a split Austria-Hungary neutralise themselves by the different ideologies of their separate parts. Russia, Spain and Italy have become "peace-loving" republics instead of imperialist Powers. And the Ottoman empire, the principal beneficiary and victim of the Convention, has been shattered into a score of fragments. Above all His Imperial Majesty the Sultan and His Highness the Khedive of Egypt, the only sovereigns mentioned in the Convention, are no more. The Imperial Ottoman government, Turkey and Egypt were the only states charged with specific functions in connection with the actual implementation of the provisions of the Convention. Of these,

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the first has disappeared, and Turkey has no longer any link with Egypt, which alone survives as the internationally recognised sovereign of the territory concerned.

The legality or otherwise of the nationalisation of the Canal Company and of anything else which Colonel Nasser has done or omitted to do is a matter for the courts, to which the British and other governments concerned have evidently preferred not to submit their case, for fairly obvious reasons. And it is difficult to agree with Mr. Mallalieu that "Britain's case against Nasser . . . is a good one." But it is strange that in all the comment and discussion on the canal dispute all over the world, including Egypt, nobody seems to have thought fit to judge Colonel Nasser's stand by the letter of the Convention itself, of which he is alleged to have committed, or to contemplate committing an infringement.

Article IX of the Convention is quite explicit on the point. It reads: "The Egyptian government shall take, within the limit of its powers, such as have been derived from firmans, and under the conditions contemplated by the present treaty, the measures necessary to ensure respect for the execution of the said treaty. In the event that the Egyptian government may not dispose of sufficient means, it shall make application to the Imperial Ottoman government, which shall take the measures necessary to respond to such application . . ."

This is surely exactly what the Egyptian government is doing now, well within the limit of its own powers. So what is all the fuss about? Incidentally it is not the fault of the Egyptian government that Article VIII of the Convention has been a dead letter ever since the day it was signed. It was Her Britannic Majesty's government, then in "temporary" military occupation of Egypt, which failed to implement the Convention in any respect, except the maintenance of free passage through the Canal, for sixteen years after its signature. And in 1904, in connection with the *Entente Cordiale* arrangements with France, it did agree to its implementation subject to the evisceration of the vital parts of Article VIII, which provided that "the agents in Egypt of the Powers signatory of the present treaty shall be charged to watch over its execution," and to take certain action in certain circumstances.

What would be simpler than to let the Egyptian government carry out its obligations under Article IX, and to set up the local board envisaged by Article VIII to watch over, and presumably advise on, the operation of the Canal? Colonel Nasser has already said that he would be ready and willing to benefit from the wisdom of such a body.

Ajaltun, Kasruwan, Lebanon. H. St. J. B. Philby

FREEDOM OF CHOICE

Sir,—Mr. Driberg says that I can usually be trusted to over-simplify issues, and that I am guilty of this fault when I draw parallels between the freedom of people to choose their governments and their freedom to choose their television programmes. Mr. Driberg is in many respects a perceptive man, and in all an amiable one, and I think he may be right.

But, if there is a worse fault than a tendency to over-simplify issues, it is the inability to see the wood for the trees, and this (if I am allowed to answer back) has always seemed to me to be Mr. Driberg's fault.

Freedom is indivisible, or should be. Until independent television arrived, the only television organisation allowed to exist in this country was a state agency, and it was made legally impossible for the British people to watch any television programmes other than those provided for them by the State agency. If this is right for television, it should also be right for newspapers, books, periodicals, films, theatres and governments. Are people to choose, to be allowed to be themselves, or are they to be forcibly fed by those who know best, by Plato's Golden Men?

This is not an issue which seems to me capable of either over-simplification or over-magnification. Anyhow, if it is not a great and simple issue, name me one or two.

Whether independent television programmes are all they ought to be is another and separate point, and can be examined as part of the general problem whether the Church, the political parties, the BBC, the newspapers and The New Statesman are all they ought to be—to which I would add that the terms in which independent television, which is the preference of a good three-quarters of the electorate with a vote, has been dismissed by some critics (not by Mr. Driberg) betray a contemptuous mandarinism. What the mandarins say about the tastes and interests of the great majority who prefer ITV is, of course, exactly what aristocrats have said about democracy clean from the start.

Robert Fraser
Independent Television Authority.

SOCIALISM AND THE CZECH ECONOMY

Sir,—Although Mr. Eisler has presented us a rather rosy picture of the economic position of Czechoslovakia, statistics released by the U.N. agencies offer much less ground for his optimism. The author claims that much economic progress has been made by his country. Achievements seem much less impressive, however, if compared with contemporary trends in western Europe. Industrial production has increased undoubtedly, but it is difficult to give final judgment until it has been converted into a higher rate of personal consumption. At present many wage earners can purchase considerably less for their weekly wage packets than they could before the war. There was no real need for so much hardship to have been imposed on a probably most unwilling population, as the Czech lands had achieved a high degree of industrialisation in pre-war times when the country had already reached Western standards in many respects. I also wonder why your correspondent put total population at 14 millions? According to U.N. figures the estimated population for the middle of 1954 was 12,958,000 with a yearly increase of about 150,000. Thus the country's population is smaller than it was in pre-war times, when Czechoslovakia was almost self-sufficient in foodstuffs. As a result of inefficient production, however, in recent years she had to import large quantities of food, including half of her bread grain. These shortages can hardly be explained by higher home consumption. It is a well-known fact that in central Europe, the poorest classes had the highest consumption per head of bread and potatoes. Rising living standards therefore would have increased only the demand for high quality foodstuffs.

One of the main reasons for present difficulties is most probably the collectivisation of agriculture. Collectivisation might be considered progress from the angle of Communist ideology, but can hardly be called success in terms of production. Czech agricultural output is either stagnant or has not even reached its pre-war level, while output per hectare has risen by 20-30 per cent. or more, during the last few years in most west European countries. The mechanisation of Czechoslovak farms is proceeding at a very slow rate. In 1953 there were 16 tractors for every 1,000 hectares of agricultural land in Denmark, 13 in Austria, 25 in West Germany, 10 in France, but only 5 in Czechoslovakia, which country is still the most mechanised among all members of the Communist bloc. During the last years the rate of increase of the tractor stock was four or even five times faster, let us say, in Denmark or Austria than in Poland, Czechoslovakia or Hungary. According to Mr. Eisler price fluctuations nowadays tend to favour the farmer. This is certainly so in many western countries but can hardly be the case in Czechoslovakia, where the purchasing power of money paid by the state to producers is only a fraction of what it was in pre-war days. Economic difficulties are also indicated in international trade by the comparative decline of the country. In 1954, for example, Denmark had a larger total trade turnover than the three times more populous Czechoslovakia, while before the war the ratio was 10 : 6 in favour of the latter. There is plenty of statistical evidence suggesting grave economic shortcomings in many other fields, such as for example housing.

Your correspondent admits that many failures in the past were due to the violation of democratic principles and that there is a determination to prevent their repetition. But is there any guarantee under Communist dictatorship that they cannot and will not be repeated?

International Peasant Union, 69 Edith Grove, S.W.10. G. Cserenyey

Sir,—The figure "43 per cent." which appears in the 23rd line of my article in last week's issue is a mistake for "143 per cent." The sentence should thus read: ". . . in the subsequent seven years production has risen to 143 per cent. above 1937."

Prague. Pavel Eisler

NEW MINDS FOR THE NEW WORLD

Sir,—The author of your excellent report on technical education has complained very rightly of the unhappy effects of specialisation in the educational system, but he has perhaps not emphasized enough the fact that this specialisation is itself one cause of the trouble. The culture of this society is unscientific partly because students of arts do not need to study any scientific subject after a fairly early stage in their education.

However, specialisation acts in a much more subtle way against science. Many parents educated in the humane tradition are very reluctant to urge their sons and daughters at the age of 14 or 15 towards science when they know that it means the withering up of those interests they wish to see fostered in their children. I have met a number of intelligent parents worrying over this problem: unlike your correspondent's fictional parents, they feel their sons would do better in the world as scientists, but they do not want their sons to lose those qualities of mind which they prize.

If the humanities formed an important part of the studies of all students of science and engineering (as they often do elsewhere in Europe and in America), it might be that many more parents would encourage their sons and daughters in the direction of science.

Specialisation means also that the child must choose his career, or have it chosen for him by his parents, at a very early age. In countries where

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education is less specialised, in Canada, for example, a boy may decide on his career halfway through secondary school, at the age of 16. But his education is still general enough so that he can change his mind at 18 when he enters university, or even at 20 when he is halfway through university. A choice at this age is obviously much less influenced by parents or by the culture of a preceding period, and I suspect might very often suit your correspondent's desire.

It seems to be the intense competition for university places that has pushed specialisation farther and farther back in the schools. This problem must be faced along with the admittedly larger problems raised in the report.

JOHN M. R. MARGESON

10 Gurney Way,
Cambridge.

THE H-BOMB X700

SIR,—I should like to venture a few comments on your article on the anti-neutron in the hope that they may clarify the issues raised therein. The statement that the neutron-anti-neutron reaction is 700 times more energetic than the hydrogen-bomb reaction is really meaningless since a number of nuclear reactions take place within the hydrogen-bomb each with a different energy level.

That the hydrogen-bomb reaction releases 1,000 times more energy than the fission reaction is certainly incorrect. Professor J. Rotblat, a recognised authority, writing in the Atomic Scientists Journal of March, 1955, p.225, states: "The energy released at each fission, about 200 McV, is far greater than that liberated at fusion. . . . The energy released per fission is thus 20-40 times greater than per fusion".

Sir Robert Robinson's query about the atmosphere being set on fire by nuclear reactions was answered at the time by Dr. M. H. L. Pryce, one of Britain's most distinguished nuclear physicists, in a brilliant article in "Discovery". In this masterly thesis, a model for anyone wishing to convey scientific facts to the general reader, Dr. Pryce set out all the relevant facts and drew conclusions which do not admit of any doubt whatsoever. He made it clear that the elements of which the earth and air are composed could not in any circumstances support a self-sustaining thermo-nuclear reaction no matter how elevated the initiating temperature. Unfortunately, but characteristically, the press gave wide publicity to the rhetorical question but none to the scientific reply.

S. COOK

Bishops Lydeard,
Taunton.

SIR,—It doesn't need a physicist to point out that the writer of your (rightly) blood-curdling paragraph was wrong in describing C. D. Anderson as "also of Berkeley". Anderson discovered the positive electron at the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena.

S. J. FOLLEY

Shinfield, Berks.

POPISH PLOTS

SIR,—Your readers can hardly be expected to remember from week to week the details of a correspondence. Before quitting—as I now cheerfully do—my discussion with Mr. Trevor-Roper, may I recapitulate?

He now says: the question is "not whether missionaries specifically train inquisitors." That was precisely the allegation in his review of *The Life of Robert Southwell* to which I drew attention. There was, he then stated, a strategic and tactical plot of the Jesuits to recover the disaffected territories of Europe by sending missionaries to train suitable men to take over the administration in the event of a Popish succession or coup. He inserted "Inquisitors" in his short list of necessary officials. When this was shown to be absurd—since the Inquisition is a court of ecclesiastical lawyers and the missionaries were sent to the Laity—instead of admitting his silly slip, he turned to Spain saying that anyway there "converts" had been "predominant" in the Inquisition. It was a grotesque analogy—between Jews and Moors who accepted the creed of their conquerors under duress and Englishmen who were reconciled to the Church of their baptism at great danger to themselves—but even on Mr. Roper's own strange estimate of "converts" as a homogenous "tribe," it was suspect. Asked to mention one "convert" Inquisitor in the 600 years of that institution's history in Spain (it was established in Aragon in the early thirteenth century and extended and reorganised when the kingdoms were united and the whole country occupied) the best Mr. Trevor-Roper can do is to impute an unspecified Jewish ancestor to Torquemada. Apparently to Mr. Trevor-Roper the appellation "convert" is not only pejorative but hereditary.

It may be asked why, apart from the fun of it, one bothers to trip up a busy young don whose inaccuracies are not more glaring than those of most popular journalists. There is an answer. In the last sixty years anti-Catholic agitation has almost disappeared from the popular press. It survives, oddly enough, in the corners of reputable weeklies. Roman Catholics are not merely wicked animals who defend themselves when attacked. They have a duty to make the truth known. When a writer who enjoys the prestige of a great university makes a habit of reviling the Church, it is proper to expose the quality of his scholarship.

EVELYN WAUGH

FLYPOSTING

SIR,—The Poster Industry takes great exception to the comments with regard to the walls of bombed sites referred to in your issue of September 1.

Bills posted on these bombed sites have nothing whatever to do with the Billposting firms in this country. They are flyposted mostly by the advertisers using such facilities and unfortunately we find that some of the chief offenders in this respect are certain sections of the press. The Local Planning Authorities have full powers of control over this pernicious form of advertising but for some obscure reason they seem very loath to do anything about it. Perhaps because they are also large users of these and similar sites.

British Poster Advertising Association. H. H. MALLATRATT *Secretary*

THE SECRET OF THE KUGEL

SIR,—For the benefit of most of your readers who will be mystified by the diverse information about the Kugel composition given by Richler in his excellent story and by Wohlfarth in his letter to you on the subject, I am able to clear the matter up. Of similar ancestry to Mr. Wohlfarth, I also enjoyed a Kugel every Sabbath. I am well qualified to testify to the truth of Mr. Richler about the contents of the Kugel. The difference is purely regional: whilst Richler's Kugel was of Polish-Jewish origin, Wohlfarth's smacks of German-Jewish culinary skill. We of Polish origin ate the Kugel as a sweet after the main dish; his was prepared as a main course. They are, of course, both right.

J. D. APPLEBAUM

23/5 Division Street, Sheffield.

SIR,—Mr. Wohlfarth is wrong in imagining that his grandmother's Kugel is the only authentic Kugel. "Kugel" is one of three generic terms used in that school of cookery (the other two are Knisch and Verenicke) to denote not a particular dish but the *form* of a dish (cp. "patty") in which the fillings and other ingredients vary. Even the form of the Kugel isn't fixed or rigid: thus, while Mr. Wohlfarth's grannie's Fleischkugel and some others have a crust, Lokschenkugel hasn't one.

Kugel can be either main course or sweet; but the Knisch, which is sometimes flat and sometimes rolled, is never a sweet, because although its fillings vary (meat, chopped liver, potatoes, or combinations thereof) it always contains onions.

The best of them all—to my mind the best dish in any cuisine in the world—is the Verenicke, a small semi-circular patty of boiled soft dough with the curved edge crenellated. The most common form is stuffed with Kascha, which is rough-ground buckwheat laced with chicken fat and fried onions. (My mother is the undisputed world's champion maker of this variant, and in the far-off days of my youth I was the world's champion eater of it, challenged only by one of my cousins who was affectionately known as Jack the Cud-chewer.) Other variants are stuffed with chopped meat; lyonnaise potatoes; or—food for the gods—stoned black cherries inundated with sour cream.

Unhappily there has sprung up in some places a mid-20th century deviation under which the Verenicke is fried over (and consequently dried up) after it's boiled. I would have no hesitation in sending to a forced-labour camp anybody guilty of this outrageous culinary solecism, which is of the order of *escalope de boeuf*.

IAN MIKARDO

House of Commons.

BOOTHBY ON BANANA SKINS

SIR,—While I cannot agree with any of the implications of Critic's comment on my speech in the Suez debate I must tell him that, after thirty-two years in Parliament, I feel much more at home on banana skins than red carpets; and, on balance, prefer them.

ROBERT BOOTHBY

House of Commons.

FABIAN ESSAY PRIZE

SIR,—I would be grateful if I could draw the attention of your readers to an essay competition that the Fabian Society is organising.

It will be open to people under 30 years of age and £25 worth of prizes are being offered for essays entitled "Socialism and Freedom". The judges will be the Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell, M.P., Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., and Mr. W. J. P. Webber.

The competition will be open from October 1 until January 31, 1957. Those interested should write for rules and further particulars to me at 11, Dartmouth Street, London, S.W.1.

The Fabian Society. W. T. RODGERS, *General Secretary.*

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BATSFORD

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Bertrand Russell: Utopian

LOWES DICKINSON, a contemporary of Bertrand Russell at Cambridge, once remarked to me that though genius was perhaps indefinable, it was at once recognisable in certain people; most of all, in his experience, in the young Bertrand Russell. Today, the same flame burns, even if less brilliantly than it did sixty years ago, and there is added to it what cannot, I think, have been there then—a gentleness which yet does not blunt the keen edge of wit, and a humility which follows a life of great achievement.

Bertrand Russell has lived more intensely than other people, in his friendships as well as in his thinking. One of the most remarkable, and certainly the least expected, of the various essays and memories in this book*, is his account of his relations with Joseph Conrad. Of their first meeting, he said:

> We seemed to sink through layer after layer of what was superficial, till gradually both reached the central fire. It was an experience unlike any other that I have known. We looked into each other's eyes, half appalled and half intoxicated to find ourselves in such a region. The emotion was as intense as passionate love, and at the same time all-embracing. I came away bewildered, and hardly able to find my way among ordinary affairs.

He was capable of a similar intensity of experience as a result of concentrated thought in writing philosophy. A problem, he says, "would germinate under ground until, suddenly, the solution emerged with blinding clarity, so that it only remained to write down what had appeared as if in a revelation".

We must allow a philosopher a little of the naivety that is popularly attributed to his kind. Bertrand Russell lists, for instance, his reasons for studying philosophy. They include curiosity about how the world is made, enjoyment in solving problems, "the desire to find some satisfaction for religious impulses", and, he says, in his case the most important of all, "the desire to find some knowledge that could be accepted as certainly true". The motive that he oddly omits is a natural aptitude for philosophy. He was a philosopher and a mathematician for the reason that Turner was a painter and Swinburne a poet. He must forgive us if we smile, as we scramble over the lower foothills, when we hear the eagle, soaring over the highest crags, saying: "My friends, the reason why I live in the empyrean and you grope down there is that I feel a need to establish certainty about what is the other side of these crags". We answer, rather wryly, that another reason may be his possession of an exceptional pair of wings.

We begin then with the fact that Russell, like Descartes, was hopeful of discovering final truth; he was not, like some students of philosophy, primarily interested in proving other philosophers wrong, or even in discovering something that was true in the sense of "a philosophy of life", serviceable for himself and others. Once at least he indulged himself in this way; there was a time when I read aloud his "Free Man's Worship" to everyone who would listen to me. But such outbursts of illogical and noble eloquence were not what he was after. He still believes that there is one truth for all, not one for the master, one for the dame, and one for the little boy crying in the lane. He does not say that he has found it; he found no satisfaction whatever for the impulse towards religious belief, but he feels that he has had some part as a "clarifier". It is partly due to him that "many things which, when I was young, were questions of taste and conjecture have become exact and scientific".

His pioneering work in mathematics and his contributions to philosophy were, broadly, complete when he came out of prison in the first world war. (He had been a pacifist ever since he experienced something like a "conversion" after the Boar War.) In his year in gaol he had been able to write his *Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy* and begin the work for *Analysis of Mind*, because Arthur Balfour had arranged for him to serve his sentence in the first division. For this I can forgive much that was less admirable in Balfour's career. After the war, Bertrand Russell increasingly turned his attention to social problems.

In 1920 he came back from a visit to Soviet Russia and a year spent in the half-revolutionary China of that period, passionately in love with China and equally passionately hating the new regime in Russia. I well remember the great impression he made on us Socialist undergraduates in Cambridge, when he returned to the University which had disgraced itself by disgracing him. We discussed his *Theory and Practice of Bolshevism* in which he first propounded his since often repeated thesis about power. He restates it in his new book. The principal error in Marxist theory, he has consistently held, lies

> in believing that the only undesirable form of power over other human beings is economic power, and that economic power is co-extensive with ownership. In this theory, other forms of power—military, political and propagandist—are ignored, and it is forgotten that the power over large economic organisations is concentrated in a small executive, and not diffused among all the nominal owners or shareholders. It was therefore supposed that exploitation and oppression must disappear if the State became the sole capitalist, and it was not realised that this would confer upon State officials, all, and more than all, the powers of oppression formerly possessed by individual capitalists.

Events have proved Russell terribly right in emphasising the special dangers of bureaucracy in a Socialist state. Stalinist bureaucracy surpassed Russell's worst fears. That, however, does not make the type of power inherent in the relations of feudal lord to serf or industrial exploiter to worker any more acceptable.

I think Russell makes an error of over-simplification when he says that Marxists are mistaken "in supposing that a good state of affairs can be brought about by a movement of which the principal motive force is hate." Of course it can't. But is it not over-optimistic to expect "a good state of affairs" to be brought about by revolution or by any other means? In politics there are no good states of affairs, but only states that are less bad than others. Secondly, love is certainly the most desirable of human motives, but, alas, it is inextricably mixed with hate. A revolutionary, if there can be such, whose sole motive is a desire for the welfare of his fellow men, is unlikely to achieve measurable success, while those who have brought about achievements of which Russell would approve, have almost always harnessed to their chariot the underdog's hatred of the tyrant. I cannot, for instance, hold that the Reformation was a bad thing, in spite of the large part that hatred played in it. I should agree with Mr. Russell if he were content to say that the more love and the less hatred there is in any movement of reform, the better the results are likely to be, and that the best reforms are those in which persuasion has needed only the minimum of force to support them. We can support nothing in politics if we insist that only love and virtue are worthy of our support.

In public issues, Lord Russell has always seemed to me to seek for a clarity and simplicity which in our present state of knowledge are unobtainable. Though I am personally almost always in agreement with his social teaching, I must admit to finding something deceptive in his extreme lucidity. He treats such words as liberty and democracy as if they could have the precision of mathematical symbols instead of merely being the noblest ragbags of history. He seeks certainty in social affairs as in philosophy. To this exacting, if somewhat delusive, mathematical approach, we must add that he has inherited a British aristocratic optimism from his Russell forebears. He tells us that his grandfather, Lord John Russell, in whose home he was brought up, held as axiomatic that the French Revolution was the outcome of the sins of the French aristocracy and that Britain with a free Constitution, which should be exported to as many countries as possible, was leading the way by easy stages towards the millennium. Bertrand Russell does not himself quite believe that, but he does believe, as the pre-1914 generation of Cambridge intellectuals did believe, that we have it in our own hands to direct events in accordance with our own concept of goodness. Now that we have the technical knowledge to abolish poverty and organise our world, he tells us that it is only "hatred, folly and mistaken beliefs" that stand between us and the millennium. I think this assumes too much rationality in men. I believe myself that the greatest obstacle to Utopia is that people only half want it; they have a subconscious drive towards destruction. Russell himself has taught the imperative necessity of world government and yet, surely, world government could only be obtained at the expense of a great deal of liberty; every extension of authority in the interests of order has involved the restriction, more or less forcible, of someone's claim to independence. We have to work for it, using some of the bad, as well as the good that comes our way, in the knowledge that each new social synthesis will contain new evils and problems.

Another mark of Lord Russell's generation is his comment that all the "dreadful sequence" of events since 1914—he includes everything that has happened from the Nazi conquest of

* *Portraits from Memory*. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. *Allen & Unwin*. 16s.

Germany to a probable future war with the Communist world!—"is an outcome of the mistakes of 1914, and it would not have occurred if those mistakes had been avoided". He makes Asquith and Grey responsible for a lot. I should say that there is more truth in the thesis of Lowes Dickinson's *International Anarchy* that the pre-war jungle of nations, all armed to the teeth and forming rival blocs against each other, was absolutely bound to lead to a world war. Cannot we also add that there are trends in history which we can foresee, analyse, and to which we can adapt ourselves but which we cannot reverse? History, it seems to me, is determined much in the same way as the course of a river to the sea. You can possibly deflect it a little, you can take steps to anticipate and limit the devastation of its flood waters, but you can't dictate its general direction.

Here, surviving together, are three generations of intellectuals. Those, like Lord Russell, who were brought up in Cambridge before the first world war still assume that it is possible to define what is good, to shape society accordingly and to attribute catastrophe to individual errors. The pre-war generation, those at the Universities in the Twenties and Thirties, had ceased to believe that goodness and reason could play so great a role in history. Freud, Marx and the world war had altered all that. Progress was something that was happening or not happening and which you could help or hinder, but which in any case would proceed in a confused and violent manner. The third generation, who have been doing their thinking since the second world war, seem to me to be unsure whether as much human improvement as is possible has not already been achieved, and to be doubtful whether in any case any good can come through the reform of institutions or decisions of governments. Like Lord Russell, they seek for certainty, but they try to content themselves with religious dogmas which promise certainty but which they themselves know to be dubious in the extreme. I do not believe in any certainties, but I believe intensely that the good life comes Russell's way, in searching and not pretending that we know when we know we do not know.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

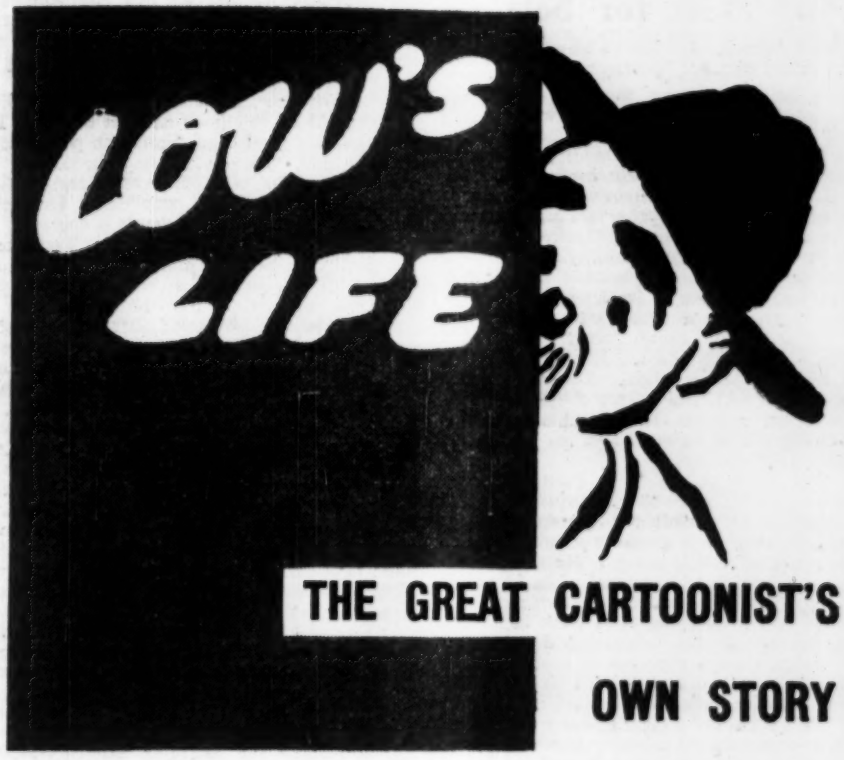
Children at the Films

From pitch of echoes and from shade of spots
Landscapes and conversations are conceived.
Not understanding frequency of shots
Our popping eyes and eardrums are deceived:
Like children at the films we follow plots
Too crude for adult minds to have believed.

Phenomena of bright ideas trace
Gay patterns on the silver screens inside
That microscopic cinema, our face.
Yet volumes of our thoughts are magnified
No further than the moving film of space.
Time never amplifies when we have died.

The ciné camera, the microphone,
Symbolic things, deny significance.
Their copied voice, their copied vision own
That what we see and hear, the stream of sense,
Moves like a faint projection, lacking tone,
Whose depth and stress is nothing but pretence.

GEORGE MACBETH



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Let it be said at once that Dr. Pedley has written a lively and persuasive book which is calculated to put the cat among the pigeons and to give educationists something more profitable to argue about than the sterile controversy about the vices and virtues of comprehensive schools. He is a root and branch hot-gospeller in a hurry to wage war on waste. He has little difficulty in demonstrating the hit-or-miss unreliability of the present ten-plus selection, wasteful because no scientific method has been devised to guarantee accuracy of selection for grammar school education at that age. He rejects the comprehensive school as a solution of the problem because of its size. Instead, he wants junior schools to 9, non-selective senior schools 9-15, and county colleges for full- and part-time students, 15-19, and believes that these changes could be made over the next fifteen years.

He sees waste in the Sixth Forms of many grammar schools, some too inadequately staffed and equipped to provide the appropriate range of subjects, some with numbers so small that an extravagance of staffing results. He would seem to be on more debatable ground when he argues eloquently that boys are deterred from remaining at school and from doing good work in a Sixth Form because of their emotional demands for adult status, though the case is probably more valid for girls. The case of "the six-foot sixth-former, with his little cap perched on his lofty head" does arise, but a good grammar school can generally cope with the minority who want to run emotionally before they can walk, and intellectual curiosity should hold the allegiance of the significant majority. Boys and girls in grammar schools generally manage their emotional lives with great good sense, and to pitchfork them from one-sex senior schools into co-educational county colleges at the unsettled and vulnerable age of fifteen might hurt and hinder that essential intellectual absorption in the mastery of the uncongenial, which is at that time beginning to develop in clever children.

To deprive the grammar school of its Sixth Form would be to lop off its vital branch. The influence of a good Sixth Form can permeate an entire school. But Dr. Pedley dismisses "the whole conception of sixth-formers and prefects as 'leaders' in school" as "out of date. The prefect system . . . is a quite unsuitable preparation for the future citizens of England. . . . The rule of the senior boys over the juniors has little to commend it". If conceived as bossy dictators, prefects are expendable, but the system can be adapted to produce valuable leaders for a changing social structure, and without them a democratic society would be the poorer. A bigger problem would be to guarantee a staff of adequate quality to serve in schools with an age-range of 9-15. If this is not ensured the standard of attainment in the county colleges later will be jeopardised. Many teachers welcome their chains and are far less enamoured of change and experiment than Dr. Pedley seems to think. He would accept Newman's memorable dictum that "an academic system without the personal influence of teachers upon pupils is an Arctic winter", but he is, perhaps, over-sanguine about the calibre of teachers remaining in the truncated senior school and the ease with which all the various specialist teachers would be recruited for the county colleges. Elasticity has never been a very obvious characteristic of the teaching world.

Whatever criticisms can be levelled at this book, it bristles with new ideas, and no one thinking seriously about the future pattern of education can afford to ignore it. Because he rises above any party line, Dr. Pedley even finds certain things to admire in the public school system. He is a keen and spirited controversialist, never dull and always fair and good-tempered. His arguments reach to the heart of the matter—how to deploy our available resources so that the country gets the maximum return on the millions invested in the education of the young. It will certainly take more than one book to convince public opinion that a process which jettisons the grammar schools is the best way to achieve this essential end. But Dr. Pedley's important work has made at least one encrusted conservative in educational matters think fast and furiously.

JOHN GARRETT

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Hob-Nails to Rock 'n' Roll

The Hungry Heart. By JOHN COCKBURN. *Jarrolds.* 18*s.*

The British Labour Movement. By A. L. MORTON and GEORGE TATE. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 15*s.*

Trade Unions. By ERIC L. WIGHAM. *Oxford : Home University Library.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Keir Hardie's greatest political asset was his class-consciousness. Mr. Cockburn's fictional biography, though inaccurate and frequently silly, does at least get the feel of Hardie's early years in a Scottish mining village. This is more important than it might seem, because Hardie was a profoundly emotional man, and the memory of his bitter and despairing childhood never left him. To the end he retained the psychology of an exploited miner; the cloth cap was more than a symbol. He was afraid of the middle-class and wanted to have as little to do with them as possible. Middle-class intermediaries, he thought, could never adequately represent the workers' interests; they would always betray them in the long run. He wanted a parliament of miners and factory hands. Hence he broke with the Lib-Labs, founded the I.L.P., and began the long process which eroded the proletarian base of the Liberal Party and created the modern Labour Movement.

He was lucky to have lived when he did. Until the 1884 Franchise Act, which gave the vote to two million workers and re-distributed the urban constituencies, organised Labour had no alternative but to accept middle-class leadership. Chartism, the only sustained attempt to create a movement controlled by the artisan class, had been a dismal failure. After 1848 the workers capitulated to the Liberals, and even when they began to get the vote continued to back Gladstone and "progressive" industry. The process might have continued into the mid-twentieth century, and the Liberals might have become the British equivalent of the Democrats, had not Hardie intervened. Fortunately, his challenge to the Liberal monopoly of working-class votes came in the short period—between the grant of the suffrage and the blurring of class divisions which followed free education and rising living standards—when it had a chance of success. In the late 1880s, when Hardie went into national politics, the workers were still a socially cohesive body, cut off from the fringes of the lower middle-class by the habits and attitudes of centuries. In *The Story of the Dock Strike 1889*, quoted by Messrs. Morton and Tate, there is a description of a demonstration which admirably illustrates the guild features of the working-class of Hardie's day :

> There were burly stevedores, lightermen, ship painters, sailors and firemen, riggers, scrapers, engineers, shipwrights, permanent men got up respectably, preferables cleaned up to look like permanents, and unmistakable casuals with varicoloured patches on their faded greenish garments; Forresters and Sons of the Phœnix in gaudy scarves; Doggett's prize-winners, a stalwart battalion of watermen marching proudly in long scarlet coats, pink stockings and velvet caps, with huge pewter badges on their breasts; coalies in waggons fishing aggressively for coppers with bags tied to the end of poles. . . . Father Neptune in his car in tinsel gown and flowing locks. . . .

Even by 1914 this world had entirely disappeared, and with it Hardie's dream of a Labour Party controlled by men fresh from the pits and factories. When the Parliamentary Labour Party came into being in 1906, the middle-class, through the Fabians, had already begun to reassert its control over policy. "The party," wrote the Webbs smugly, "has been transformed from a group representing merely the class interests of the manual workers into a fully-constituted political party of national scope." After 1918, the trickle of middle-class recruits turned into a flood; the hordes of Bloomsbury swept into Transport House. A huge Labour press and propaganda machine was created, and it inevitably spoke with a middle-class voice. The direction of the party passed from the men in hob-nailed boots into the hands of Wykehamist economists and T.U.C. knights—bourgeois either by birth or adoption. The workers acquiesced in this transformation because they themselves were changing. The authors of *The British Labour Movement*, in their naive Marxist way, attribute the failure of the Labour Party to build a new Socialist society to the "corruption" of the higher-paid workers; and in a sense they are right. In the past fifty years, there has been a progressive downwards extension of middle-class attitudes and living standards. This phenomenon is common to all advanced capitalist societies; indeed, in America it has been carried to the point where the middle-class has literally engulfed the workers (according to Gallup Polls, 90 per cent. of Americans describe themselves as "middle-class"). It has brought the workers great economic benefits, but it has inevitably diverted the attention of their political leaders from the reconstruction of society to egalitarianism.

There is, therefore, nothing new in Mr. Gaitskell's policy of "Equality." The Labour Party has always worked harder in this direction than in the direction of Socialism; and it has certainly made more progress. In Hardie's age there were still two Englands, the rich and the poor. This is no longer true today. What is the real difference between Rock 'n' Roll youths who squirt hose-pipes at cinema managers, and debutante-escorts who pour champagne over policemen? It is

certainly not economic. A teddy-boy who works in a light-engineering factory earns as much, or more, than a subaltern in the Grenadier Guards. The difference, in fact, is almost entirely social; and if it still seems a wide one this is simply because in post-war Britain the bourgeoisie have found it necessary to shore up the class barriers because the old economic ones are disappearing. It is against these new barriers that Mr. Gaitskell's policy is principally directed. This point is made by an essay in the current *Encounter* by one of his lieutenants, Mr. Crosland, describing how Labour intends to use educational policy to destroy the class network, and so complete the middle-class conquest of the workers.

Keir Hardie's failure was thus, in the long run, total. He has not lacked latter-day disciples, but they have come up against the same inflexible historical forces. Mr. Bevan tried to arrest Labour's drift from Socialism by mobilising the party militants; but in democratic parties, unlike totalitarian ones, the militant element is relatively powerless. Now another attempt is to be made by Mr. Cousins, using Britain's largest union as his instrument. His chances are no greater than Mr. Bevan's. Mr. Wigham, in his admirable survey of British trade unions, remarks: "The trade unions have never been more powerful—and have never used their power less." One could go further, and add that the unions are powerful precisely because they never allow their power to be put to the test. If Mr. Cousins makes the fatal error of calling his own bluff, he may discover that the assumption that Labour's conservative, middle-class leadership owes its power to the big unions is the exact reverse of the truth. Workers who enjoy middle-class standards of living naturally prefer middle-class leaders—and, ultimately, middle-class policies.

PAUL JOHNSON

The Master of the Bauhaus

The Scope of Total Architecture. By WALTER GROPIUS. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

This book consists of articles and lectures written by Walter Gropius at different times and for different purposes, shaken down into some sort of order and presented under a wholly preposterous title. Gropius is, of course, one of the key figures in the modern architectural scene, but he has always been a reluctant writer, and it is no use pretending that his collected essays make a very inspiring introduction to his own achievement. There is too much of the ponderous aphorism and all too little about his own experience as educator and practitioner. A book of this size *about* Gropius and his work, by some competent architectural critic, would have been much more to the point.

The essential Gropius is the man who created the Bauhaus in 1919 and conducted it till 1928. That adventure in art-education remains something of the highest interest, not only because of the extent of its influence but because, even now, no sensible teacher in any branch of the arts (except, I suppose, "pure" painting and sculpture) can consider himself equipped for his work without a pretty shrewd idea of what went on at Weimar and Dessau in those years. Unfortunately, it is extraordinarily hard for those of us who did not know the Bauhaus in its hey-day to visualise what really did go on. The curriculum has been outlined many times and is outlined again by its deviser in the present work. We know about the gearing of handicraft training to industrial production, about the preliminary course in free design and about the student-teacher collaboration which resulted in so many remarkable prototypes. Apart from Gropius's own writings there are the famous *Bauhausbücher* of 1925-30, composed by such pioneers as Klee, Moholy-Nagy, Mondrian and Van Doesburg; and there is the excellent book published by the Museum of Modern Art (New York) just as war began in 1939. But the phenomenon is never quite explained. For one thing it is difficult for us now to imagine the student material—those ardent young post-war Germans living excitedly through the inflation. For another, it is hard to envisage the conduct of a curriculum which was avowedly unacademic and which had as its backbone a formal training based on "laws of design", never formulated and perhaps incapable of formulation.

This matter of "laws" is curious and important. They are alluded to with profound respect in all Bauhaus literature, including the book under review. In the chapter on "The Bauhaus Idea" Gropius says that the student must "absorb a scientific knowledge of objectively valid optical facts, a theory which guides the shaping hand and provides a general basis on which a multitude of individuals can work together harmoniously". Elsewhere, "basic order in design needs first of all a denominator common to all, derived from facts. A common language of visual communication will give the designer a foundation of solidarity for his spontaneous expression in art". What are these facts, where is this common denominator? One turns with interest to a chapter headed "Is there a Science of Design?", but after a number of rather casual notes on optical illusions and the structure of the human eye no conclusion is reached and the chapter ends disconcertingly with a paraphrase of the original question: "Will we succeed in establishing an optical key, used and understood by all, as an objective common denominator of design?"

There is, it seems, no articulate code of æsthetic law after all, but perhaps there should be. Gropius takes the view that "groundwork in the formulation of a language of design" has been laid by Le Corbusier (the *Modulor*) and Herbert Read (*Education Through Art*) among others. The old Bauhaus managed to do without either of these theorists, and it is doubtful if it really consulted any "laws" other than those communicated intuitively by the teachers, most of whom happened to be practising artists of exceptional talent. That is reasonable enough, but the persistent notion of the existence of verifiable absolutes needs, perhaps, as vigorous investigation as the absolutes themselves.

It is a tribute to the Bauhaus that, as its creative period recedes in time, reassessment of its methods becomes of increasing contemporary importance. If the present compilation of its founder's *obiter scripta* does not much increase our knowledge it is at least a reminder of our indebtedness—and of the need for revaluation.

JOHN SUMMERSON

Mountain Approaches

Nanga Parbat Pilgrimage. By HERMANN BUHL. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25*s.*

Starlight and Storm. By GASTON RÉBUFFAT. *Dent.* 18*s.*

Tents in the Clouds. By MONICA JACKSON and ELIZABETH STARK. *Collins.* 18*s.*

Ever since *Annapurna* set the ball rolling, climbing books have become potential best-sellers, and the most unlikely publishers have thumbed this band-wagon, waving a manuscript fresh from the eternal snows. With an eye on a large public that does not itself climb, they have looked for drama—if not the cut rope (that classic predicament that has even been squeezed out of fiction) at least avalanche, blizzard and frostbite. The more toes amputated, the more thousands sold.

These three books certainly have their share of drama—quite a few avalanches, a night out at 26,000 feet, a block as big as a milestone crashing down on a climber's head—but what makes them stand out from this year's crop is that they explore not only the mountains, but the fears, the satisfactions, the ecstasies of the mountaineer. It is not just a question of style—Rébuffat writes with elegance and precision, Buhl is slangy and slapdash—but of honesty. All have the courage to render the total impact of the events they narrate.

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Hermann Buhl's is a fantastic story. The climax—his solitary climb to the top of Nanga Parbat in 1953—is already familiar from other books, but now we can find out what led up to this almost superhuman action. There was a dedicated obsession: from his earliest days on the limestone hills near his native Innsbruck, Buhl was convinced that he must prepare himself for some extraordinary feat, by tackling ever harder climbs in ever tougher conditions. Hence those fly-like ascents of rock-faces, sometime perpendicular, sometimes overhanging; those winter expeditions, when ice and darkness could intensify difficulty; those fantastic feats of endurance, like the complete traverse of the Chamonix Aiguilles; and, above all, the solitary Alpine expeditions on which he tried to find out just what were the limits of his endurance and willpower. So when the great moment came, and he was high on Nanga Parbat in good weather, Buhl was ready for it. For almost anyone else it would have been deliberate suicide to try for the top alone (the other man gave up); for Buhl it was just reasonable, and he pulled it off.

Gaston Rébuffat is a prince among Alpine guides—but what a world of difference there is between him and his great predecessors the Burgeners and Knubels! They belonged to the Alps by birth and followed a traditional calling; he comes from Marseilles, of a professional family, and deliberately chose to be a guide. Not for him the narrow life of an Alpine valley all the year round; he is always on the move, to the Andes, the Himalaya, to lecture and film as well as explore. An ordinary climber would be as likely to ask Rébuffat to take him up an ordinary Chamonix climb as to ask Fonteyn to take a turn with him at the local dance-hall. But Rébuffat doesn't regard himself as a star: only as a climber who has the luck to do it for a living, with friends who happen also to be his clients. This record of six terrific expeditions—the north faces of Jorasses, Dru, Matterhorn, Badile, Lavaredo and Eiger—is full of incident, from avalanche to breaking holds, but there is none of the personal tension and obsession of Buhl's story. The two men unexpectedly found themselves both trying the North Wall of the Eiger. Tethered to the terrible face all one night, Buhl and his Austrians were tense and silent; Rébuffat's party, no better placed, cooked, laughed, smoked and somehow "enjoyed a spicy insecurity". Rébuffat's writing—easy and graceful as his movement up rock (and these qualities come through the translation by Wilfrid Noyce and John Hunt)—is good enough to persuade us that a real enjoyment can be won from situations which to the rest of us would be hell. After success, Buhl speaks of conquest and victory; Rébuffat, of an enhanced sense of life.

The authors of *Tents in the Clouds* are the first to insist that their expedition last year to the Jugal Himal was a modest affair. The three Scots aimed only at clearing up the topography of an unexplored corner of Nepal (which they competently did) and regarded their ascent of a new 22,000-foot peak as a bonus. Their distinction lay in being the first all-woman party in the Himalaya; and when they applied to the Everest Foundation for the official backing which would help them cut through the red tapes of visas and permits, doubts were expressed—not of their toughness or their climbing, but "Could they cope with a drunken Sherpa?" Indeed they could—Mrs. Jackson seems to have developed an excellent technique for winkling them out of *chang* shops on the return march—but, more to the point, they could establish a most satisfactory relationship with these jovial extroverts whom they made partners in the whole affair. Familiar situations are given a feminine slant: tent-bound days are cheered by planning wardrobes as well as reading the usual solid books (it's the first time Rousseau's *Confessions* have cropped up at this height). But it isn't the sex of the explorers that makes this a good book, but their ability to record their impressions honestly and sensitively (and, also, to make their route easy to visualise and follow). They don't mask the glooms and tiffs; they are objective about themselves, and the changes in temperament brought about by altitude—"less anxious, less responsible". With no fuss, but great conviction, they say what they felt when, from a new pass they looked into Tibet, or, after pitching camp in mist, awoke to see a new and splendid peak glowing in the dawn. Their prize was somewhere between Buhl's desperate victories and Rébuffat's exhilaration in difficulty. Leading their Sherpas up the ice-fall, cutting steps up to a ridge, they found serenity and peace: "each moment was sufficient for itself, and the world pressed upon us not at all".

JANET ADAM SMITH

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Did you know that Mikhail Sholokhov is now writing a sequel to his famous book? The first chapters of this new and important work were published in a recent issue of

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Thinking Reeds

The Invisible Flag. By PETER BAMM. *Faber.* 18*s.*

Call Me Coward. By EUGEN DOLLMANN. *Kimber.* 18*s.*

The Fortress. By RALEIGH TREVELYAN. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is an unpleasant paradox of our century, that while it breeds ever more ghastly wars it steadily unfits us, physically and mentally, to fight them. The real-estate agent from Pittsburg and the doctor of philosophy from Vienna crouch equally miserably in waterlogged fox-holes while they attempt with their beautifully scientific weapons to kill one another. It is a situation from which few people can draw comfort; but publishers are among those who can. The civilised man, if he survives, wants to write about his experiences, and often he writes well. Not only is he a sensitive camera of what he observes, but the impact of war on him as an individual in itself provides an endlessly fascinating study. That is the excuse for recommending these three volumes to the intelligent general reader. They add little to our knowledge of the events which they describe, ten or more years ago, but they add something to our knowledge of man. Herr Bamm was a doctor, Colonel Dollmann an historian, and Mr. Trevelyan a nineteen-year-old schoolboy with a background of nannies, country-houses and Winchester. Each found himself pitchforked into a nightmare world; all observed their ghastly surroundings with the detachment and understanding which is the mark and the justification of the truly civilised man. They were reeds crushed by the universe, but they continued stubbornly to think.

Herr Bamm served throughout the Russian campaign in charge of a Field Dressing Station in the German Army, but his real allegiance, as is shown in this profoundly compassionate work, was to the invisible flag of humanity and healing. His task—and his vocation—was to heal whoever was brought to him, friend and foe, in the unending stream of mangled bodies whose flow back to safety and health he had to organise and direct. The gale which swept the world bore him and his small team across the Ukraine and the Crimea into the Caucasus, through placid peasant communities for which he acquired a deep affection and which observed without hostility but with total incomprehension the passing of the armies whose advance and retreat were to uproot and destroy them. Thence he was whirled back to the shores of the Baltic in circumstances of growing confusion and horror—a horror made all the more intolerable by the knowledge that the cause for which he fought was irremediably evil and that "the Others" who lurked in the background were in unshakeable control of his country. For consolation the author could only look to his unending work of mercy, to the trust and comradeship of his friends, and to those rare moments of euphoria, without memory of the past or apprehension of the future, which sometimes console the soldier on the battlefield. Written without either understatement or self-pity, this is a noble and, in its clumsy way, rather a great book.

Call me Coward is neither, though it does not deserve its arch sub-title "The Adventures of a Sophisticated German on the Run." Colonel Dollmann's world was even more nightmarish than the desolate Armageddon of the Russian steppes. It was the Neo-Renaissance world of Malaparte's *Kaputt*, an overripe and decaying society whose wealth, elegance and culture made only more appalling the corruption, the torture and the orgies which it tolerated or applauded. The author was a witty, charming and learned Bavarian who moved with bland ease among the Italian nobility both before and, as a senior officer in the German administration, during the war. His friendships in the Vatican enabled him to play a major part in negotiating the capitulation of the German armies in Italy, but his SS uniform made him thereafter hunted and periodically imprisoned by the Allies as a war criminal. He describes his adventures among Italian communists, indifferent or bullying Americans, drug-fiends, princesses, corrupt police officials and co-operative cardinals with an infectiously ironic detachment. He is like the hero of some picaresque novel of the eighteenth century, moving through a world in which brutality and kindliness, destitution and opulence, injustice, torment and physical delight are all equally probable, equally inexplicable and have simply to be accepted as they come; a world in which the only effective weapon is Papageno's chime of magic bells. In the horrors of war and the horrors of reconstruction, the aristocracy and industrialists of Europe continued uninterrupted their round of profligate and unscrupulous hedonism. Colonel Dollmann accepted their hospitality with appreciation and their evils without complaint; but he obviously loathes their guts.

And into this nightmare of Babylon and Armageddon comes Mr. Trevelyan fresh from his public school as a young officer in our army in Italy. He is by no means naive: he has Keats in one pocket, Tolstoy in the other, and an armoury of that esoteric and epicene humour which was the great contribution of the theatrical demi-monde to British morale. ("At one moment we were jammed head to toe, completely immobile, with volleys of tracer like whip-lashes a matter of inches overhead. In our uncertainty and helplessness I could only think of Zombie Davenport's famous maxim: 'When in doubt, powder heavily'".) Babylon did not worry him: it provided, on the Sorrento peninsula and in Capri, an interlude of comfort and relief after two interminable months in the Anzio beach-head. And Armageddon? The unburied corpses, the waterlogged slits a few yards from the Germans, the unreliable troops who looted and slept at their posts, the unending tension and fear? Of course this worried him. Like all brave men, Mr. Trevelyan was constantly afraid. But his background, bucolic and anachronistic as it seems in the setting of twentieth-century Europe,

endowed him with two qualities: a natural readiness to accept responsibility, and a determination never to make a fool of himself. These carried him, as they carried so many of his contemporaries, through two months as terrible as any troops engaged in the Second World War had to endure; and he here describes them, modestly and convincingly, in a book which any of his generation would be proud to have written. It is some consolation that civilisation can still breed gentleness and courage, as well as corruption and despair.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Spain and Harding

Why I'm not a Millionaire. By NANCY SPAIN. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

Gilbert Harding's Book of Manners. *Putnam.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Spain and Mr. Harding are featured, embracing, on the cover of the first of these books, and Mr. Harding's name is frequently mentioned in the text. It also figures in the rather niggardly errata—"for Albert Hardy, read Gilbert Harding": a slip which will delight Proustian readers. These and other bits of evidence, such as a shared enthusiasm for Lady Docker, suggest that Spain and Harding have much in common, as indeed they have. They both belong, flamboyantly, to the select and well-paid band who might be loosely described as the Telly-Phonies.

A Telly-Phoney is the newest and most dreadful kind of Public Face. There are several varieties, including the Grace-and-Favour (Lady Barnett), the Universal-Chum (Wilfred Pickles) and the Come-Unto-Me-All-Ye-That-Are-Heavy-Laden (Miss Edana Romney). Mr. Harding and Miss Spain are the stars of the Piece-of-my-Mind division. Not only on TV, but in newspapers, magazines and advertisements for ballpoint pens, they have been ruthlessly plugged as iconoclastic, bull-in-a-chinashop characters who may run amok at any moment. Since the chief merit of television is its potentiality for unheralded disasters, technical or temperamental, the watching millions wait for Mr. Harding to say something frightful, or Miss Spain to do something unforgiveable, with the pop-eyed expectancy of speedway fans waiting for a crash. But the crash never comes. In private, Mr. H. and Miss S. may be fine forthright people, full of good sense and bad language; in public, they are about as outspoken as wet mackerel. And so it will always be. Mr. Harding will continue to rant and bluster at the safest targets (English cooking, litter-louts and dirty trains); Miss Spain will go on tempering her shrewd and wounding wit to the exigencies of an audience that does not want to think. These two performers are like dogs running on chains; they bark, but they cannot get near enough to bite.

It is all a great waste of time. Mr. Harding's book, in particular, allows us glimpses of a well-stocked if not original mind. It is stylish, funny and urbane; but urbanity is not the quality we want from this author. We require explosions, followed by the sound of edifices of cant collapsing into rubble; and the sad thing is that Mr. Harding could produce them, too, if he dared. Miss Spain, who here confines herself to gauche reminiscences of the hockey-field and shaming anecdotes about other Public Faces (many of whose names she mis-spells), once enlivened this journal with a brilliant report on Miss Gingold's activities in New York. Now she has come down to reviewing her own book for the *Daily Express*. Even she could find little to say in favour of it, though she might have mentioned the morbid pleasure to be gained from reading it in conjunction with Mr. Harding's—an exercise from which we learn that each of the authors, in private life, sadly lacks the qualities which the other, in public, professes to admire: Nancy repeats catty remarks made to her in confidence, and Gilbert flies into rages with waiters.

PETER WILDEBLOOD

New Fiction

The Towers of Trebizond. By ROSE MACAULAY. *Collins.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Presence of Grace. By J. F. POWERS. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The New Headmaster. By ALAN KER. *Chapman & Hall.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

> We have done with dogma and divinity,
> Easter and Whitsun past,
> The long, long Sundays after Trinity
> Are with us at last. . . .

Miss Macaulay's novel falls timely in such a season. Few contemporary novelists have provided their readers with such sustained and consistent enjoyment. I cannot think of another living English writer—unless it be Sir Compton Mackenzie—who has varied his modes so felicitously and whose prose seems so effortlessly contrived. The Groupers in *Going Abroad*, the Victorian survivals of *Orphan Island*, Parson Herrick and his companions in *They Were Defeated* (my own favourite)—what a rare amount of pleasure Miss Macaulay has given us down the years! Her book is not so much a novel as an inspired frolic, a delicious piece of Firbankery. Bred of *Eothen* out of the Sarum Diurnal, it has the quality of a magic lantern travelogue. Stamboul, Troas, Trebizond—one by one the curate pops in the slides. In the foreground of each stand three figures—Aunt Dot, her narratress-niece Laurie and Fr. Chantry-Pigg, all set to convert the Turks of Anatolia to the tenets of All Saints, Margaret Street.

> "Take my camel, dear," said my Aunt Dot, as she climbed down from this animal on her return from High Mass.

The extraordinary thing is that Miss Macaulay keeps the high spirits of this opening flourish going for about 300 pages. She infects us with her own delight in ruins, liturgy and the peasants of Kemal Ataturk. Tenebrae, Dr. Billy Graham, the Hellespont, the Curtain—it is all grist to her learned mill. There is a good deal of healthy Anglican propaganda mixed in with the fantasy. In one of her early essays Miss Macaulay quoted approvingly from a Jacobean divine to the effect that "The Church of England hath ever kept the mean between the meretricious gaudiness of Rome and the squalid sluttery of fanatic conventicles," and this is very much the line that Aunt Dot and her companions are plugging in this book. Only addicts of the Priest-Hole School are likely to object. Miss Macaulay has become part of a high and ample tradition and she has bent her unique comic gifts to its service with great skill.

Mr. Powers, whose earlier book of short stories about American Catholics, *Prince of Darkness*, won such praise when it was first published nine years ago, is a very different kettle of fish. Sardonic, wise-cracking, dead-pan, these tales of low life through the presbytery key-hole set a tone and a pace unequalled in contemporary short-story writing. The present collection includes two Tobermory cat tales that Saki would have envied and a long commercial traveller's idyll that Mr. V. S. Pritchett would not be ashamed to own. I don't know what Mr. Powers's own religious background may be, but he certainly knows how to take the mike out of American Catholicism. Consider Mac, the religious goods salesman:

> The package deal always began with Mac's opening his bag of tricks. It was a Gladstone bag, which he had got from a retired cooky salesman. When open, it looked like a little stadium, and where the cookies had once been on display, in their individual plastic sections, ranged in tiers, there were now rosaries, medals, scapulars—religious goods of the usual quality, which didn't catch the eye in many rectories. . . . Mac had a new kind of rosary, too. It was made of plastic, to fit the hand, and in function and appearance it was similar to an umpire's ball-and-strike indicator. Each time a little key was punched, the single dial, which showed the Mysteries—Sorrowful, Joyful, and Glorious—revolved a notch, and for the Ave Marias there was a modest tick, for the Pater

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Nosters an authoritative click. Mac had difficulty explaining the new rosary's purpose to some priests—*not* to replace the old model, the traditional beads on a string, but to facilitate prayer while driving, for the new rosary was easily attached to the steering wheel. "Of course, you still have to say the prayers," Mac would say.

This is the world of Bishop Fulton Sheen with a vengeance. I have not laughed out loud over a book so much for a long time and I heartily recommend it to all those who enjoy religious satire in the vein of Chaucer and Erasmus.

School stories are very much a *specialité de la maison* in our literature and one to which many people are completely allergic. Mr. Ker's book is a witty, patchy, much above-the-average attempt to rewrite *The Lanchester Tradition* in terms of the present day. On the whole it fails, partly because of faults of construction and partly because Mr. Ker is too intelligent not to see all sides of the argument, which in a novel of this kind is always a mistake. But the main reason for its failure is something beyond Mr. Ker's control. It is simply that the glamour of the school story is disappearing, along with toppers and Greek sets. The myth of Big Field is one we no longer take very seriously.

JOHN RAYMOND

The Legend and the Man

Charlemagne. By RICHARD WINSTON. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

In 732, ten years before the birth of Charlemagne, his grandfather had defeated the Arab threat to the Loire valley at the battle of Poitiers. In 718 Constantinople had been successfully defended against a long and formidable Arab siege. But it was only later that these actions were recognised as marking the farthest limits of the expansion of Islam. In the mid-eighth century the Islamic world, centred on its new capital of Baghdad and extending from the Atlantic to the Oxus, opulent and dynamic, was the dominant civilised power. The Byzantine Empire survived, but territorially reduced, internally divided and paying tribute to the caliphs. It lost control of Northern Italy and the Papacy; and in the early ninth century the skull of a defeated emperor served as a Bulgar drinking goblet. Western Christendom, narrowly hemmed in between the German and Slav pagans in the east and the Moslems in the south, was a rural hinterland in which little was left of the urban life, the culture or the bureaucratic administration of Rome. At Charlemagne's birth there was no king of the Frankish territories, control being shared between Charlemagne's father and uncle.

On Christmas Day, 800, Charlemagne was crowned by the Pope and acclaimed as Emperor of the Romans. The uncontested master of the west, he had conquered northern Italy and Saxony, established the Spanish March, reduced Bavaria and destroyed the Avars on the middle Danube. The Caliph Harun al-Rashid maintained friendly relations with Charlemagne and, impressed by the new vigour of Christendom, is said to have abandoned his project of constructing a canal across the Suez isthmus lest this might prove a point of strategic weakness. Even the Byzantine Empire came, momentarily, to recognise Charlemagne's imperial title; while the Papacy had been swung decisively into the western orbit. How had these changes been produced? And what was their significance for the course of history?

This American study is concerned to answer the first rather than the second of these questions. Mr. Winston's biography is sensible, readable and careful, making effective but not always professionally expert use of continental scholarship and the difficult sources. The biographical form, though it tempts the author into unwarrantable speculations on Charlemagne's emotional moods, enables him to bring out the highly personal nature of Charlemagne's achievements. Indeed, he might have made more of the remarkable vitality of the Frankish leader: a tireless campaigner, an enthusiastic swimmer, still capable of a month's hunting in his seventies, the eager pupil of Alcuin but independent enough to make a collection of the heroic German poems Alcuin despised, annotating an elaborate theological treatise for the Pope's instruction and supervising his abortive project of a Rhine-Danube canal.

Some historians have seen in Charlemagne merely the last of the great barbarian conquerors who admired a Mediterranean civilisation they imperfectly understood and were unable to preserve. Others have regarded him as the maker of western Europe, the creative statesman combining Romans and Teutons in a Christian empire strong enough to endure the divisions of his successors and the final waves of invasion. More recently historians have sought to relate Charlemagne to economic changes. Pirenne argued that the decisive break for western Europe came in the eighth century when the expansion of Islam destroyed the economic basis of a society hitherto predominantly Mediterranean, Roman, urban and secular: for him Charlemagne represented the shift of gravity to the north. This thesis has been criticised by reversing it: the formation of the great Islamic empire created a market and a purchasing power which stimulated an economic revival in Carolingian Europe. But there is no evidence for economic changes, whether of slump or boom, powerful enough to explain the magnitude of Charlemagne's achievements: he was neither the puppet of land-hungry nobles nor the creature of merchants anxious to organise the export of slaves and raw materials to the East.

Certainly there was much of the barbarian warlord in Charlemagne. He accumulated territories and a hoard of treasures which he arranged to divide among his children as his predecessors had done. Only the accidents of death allowed the transmission of the imperial title to a single surviving legitimate son. Nor had he created an administration or loyalties capable of preventing the rapid disintegration of his lands after his death. What distinguished Charlemagne was his sense of religious mission. He thought and acted as a Christian Commander of the Faithful. It was this conviction that led him to back his armies by missionaries and tithe collectors, to devote as much space to moral exhortation as to ordinary legislation in his capitularies, to mobilise scholars and create a learned episcopate, to preside over councils which determined the line on Spanish heresy and eastern image worship. In his life he was strong enough to direct the western Church and put a pope on trial: after his death it was the Church which tried his descendants and which alone proved capable of maintaining centres of order and civilisation during the anarchy which prevailed until the last of the invaders could be tamed or repelled.

Perhaps the Charlemagne of history has counted for less than the Charlemagne of legend, a figure embellished and exploited by medieval rulers of France and Germany, by crusaders and by Habsburgs and still, in the twentieth century, by those interested in dominating or uniting western Europe. Mr. Winston only touches on this other Charlemagne; but his book helps us to understand why the Charlemagne of history became the Charlemagne of legend.

J. O. PRESTWICH

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON KING'S COLLEGE

A course of nine Public Lectures on Soldiers and Governments will be given as below at King's College, Strand, W.C.2, at 5.30 p.m.

October	8th.	Introduction: Mr. M. E. Howard.	November	12th.	Japan: Dr. F. C. Jones.
October	15th.	Great Britain: Mr. R. Blake.	November	20th.	Latin America: Professor R. A. Humphreys.
October	22nd.	France: Mr. G. Chapman.			
October	29th.	Germany: Dr. F. L. Carsten.	November	27th.	Spain: Mr. A. R. M. Carr.
November	5th.	Russia: Professor G. H. N. Seton-Watson.	December	5th.	United States of America: Professor D. W. Brogan.

Gramophone Records

IN the last year or two Heliodor, the English branch of the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, have been going steadily and unobtrusively ahead with their complete recording of Bach's organ works played by the blind German organist Helmut Walcha. Of the major collections into which Bach grouped his chorale-preludes the *Orgelbüchlein* and the third part of the *Clavierübung* have already been available for some time, and now Walcha has practically completed the cycle by giving us the *Achtzehn Choräle Verschiedener Art* and the six "Schübler" preludes. The "Eighteen" are written, as the title implies, in various styles, but they are not for the most part on the forbiddingly vast scale of the catechism preludes in the *Clavierübung*, where Bach deploys every resource of counterpoint and musical symbolism to illustrate the meaning of the words. Here he is less self-consciously the past master, but no less profound; every page is illuminated by devotion. The Schübler preludes are arrangements of cantata movements like the well-known *Wachet auf*—slighter, and perhaps more immediately accessible. These three discs contain sublime music wonderfully played, and I strongly recommend anyone who imagines that he doesn't like the sound of the organ to hear them; Walcha has recorded on two old instruments (that of St. James's Church in Lübeck and one built by Arp Schnitger in Cappel) whose sound is likely to be a revelation. We now have, for the first time, an authentic and practically complete recorded version of the most intimate and personal part of Bach's vast output. We must hail the occasion as one of comparable importance with the famous pre-war recording by Schnabel of Beethoven's piano sonatas.

Another recent issue in this series has been Walcha's playing of the Trio-sonatas for organ, which Bach wrote for his son Friedemann. In these pieces Bach anomalously produced the consummation of the trio-sonata form at the same time that he transferred it to a different medium; these pieces have a polished, rarefied beauty, and also the irresistible physical impulse that comes from the counterpoint of perfectly poised melodies. An earlier phase of the trio-sonata's existence—in fact, what might be described as the classical one—is represented by Vox's monumental issue of Corelli's Op. 3 and Op. 4, complete on three discs. Each of these sets comprises a dozen sonatas for two violins and continuo—Op. 3 being *sonate da chiesa* (abstract movements, usually arranged slow—fast—slow—fast) and Op. 4 *sonate da camera* (in which a slow prelude is followed by stylised dance movements). It is, of course, invaluable for the lecturer and the student to have these complete sets made available to him; so often he must spend half an hour hunting through catalogues only to discover that precisely the one he wants has not been recorded. But on the other hand I'm inclined to doubt whether this is the best way of presenting unfamiliar music to the ordinary listener. As with literature, the complete scholarly edition can be a deadening thing in inexperienced hands, which is the justification of anthologies selected for the far larger number of people who lack the leisure or the professional interest to explore more deeply. Of course, some complete editions deserve to reach even the widest public, and among these musical Shakespeares I should be inclined to place the Bach edition I referred to above; but

Corelli, for all his refinement and melodic beauty, is not quite of that stature. The trouble is that if we admit a valid distinction between the complete scholarly edition for the few and the selection for the many we shall have to tighten up our standards of criticism for the former. Only the very best will do, and while we may applaud Vox for bringing out, at no extra cost, a lavish and very thoroughly documented booklet on Corelli and these sonatas (written by Joseph Braunstein of the New York Public Library), we shall have to cast a few doubts on the actual performance. Efficient enough, but rather perfunctory, I'm afraid, and paying no more than lip-service to the work of musicologists in this field. There is less scope for ornamentation in the trio-sonatas than in those for solo violin and continuo, but here there's barely a cadential trill in sight, let alone any of the other liberties that violinists of the 1690s would have taken automatically. (And talking of cadential trills, listen to Walcha's in the last movement of the first Bach trio-sonata—could finality be made more graceful?) There is a risk here, I think, of falling between two stools, for the complete edition can be a positive disservice unless it is presented with the most scrupulous combination of musicianship and scholarship; its mere size lends it an authority which it may not quite deserve.

Another of Vox's complete issues of publications by baroque composers is Vivaldi's Op. 8, entitled *Il Cimento dell'Armonia e dell' Inventione* or "The Test of Harmony and Invention", played by Reinhold Barchet with the Pro Musica String Orchestra of Stuttgart under Rolf Reinhardt. Vivaldi, *il Prete Rosso*, was a virtuoso and a romantic who did a good deal to shatter the refined and limpid Corellian ideal; and like most composers with a revolutionary streak, he produced a certain amount of dull music. The dozen concertos that he selected for publication as his Op. 8 are all pretty good ones, though, and particularly notable are the first four—the well-known *Four Seasons*. It's when we come to compare this recording with some of the numerous recent ones of these four concertos that we realise the chief danger of these bumper issues of baroque music. Barchet and Reinhardt are both good musicians, as we know from other recordings, but this time they tend to plod. That is not to say that Vivaldi-addicts (of whom there is apparently an ever-increasing number) should pass this recording by; it is merely that some of Vivaldi's passage-work, which one can imagine him making brilliantly exciting when he played it himself, can sound a little dull when tackled as part of an assignment. Both the Columbia version of *The Seasons* (Parikian and the Philharmonia under Giulini) and the Philips (Felix Ayo with I Musici) are very good, but, in spite of some imaginative touches from Thurston Dart at the harpsichord in the former, I am inclined to prefer the performance by I Musici. A smaller body of strings and less resonant recording make for a less glamourised sound and more realistic balance between soloist, continuo, and string band. Also I Musici in general adopt tempi which I find it easier to believe are authentic. Other intelligently selected and well played anthologies of Italian concerti come from Oiseau-Lyre (Vivaldi, played by an ensemble directed by Louis de Froment), Columbia (Corelli, Vivaldi and "Padre" Martini played by I Musici) and HMV (Vivaldi, Valentini and Alessandro Scarlatti played by the Virtuosi di Roma). This last disc contains—for those who collect curiosities—one of Vivaldi's two mandoline concertos.

There has been rather a dearth of good versions of early choral music in recent months, and neither Philips's record of two Palestrina masses sung by the Netherlands Chamber Choir nor Argo's two discs devoted to Byrd and Gibbons can be unreservedly recommended. The Dutch choir give a highly professional concert performance, rather cold in effect; the Renaissance Singers are not at the top of their form in their performance of Byrd's five-part Mass, sounding constrained and insecure. The record devoted to church music by Orlando Gibbons, sung and played in King's College Chapel, should have been a winner, but the recording lets it down. Far more satisfactory is an Archive record (from Heliodor again) on which the Deller Consort and the viols of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis give chamber, rather than church, performances of anthems and fantasies by Gibbons; this is convincing and moving, and wonderfully well recorded.

The English lutenist song writers have received the attention of Decca (a first "volume," *i.e.* disc, in their conspectus of English song) and Oiseau-Lyre. On the Decca disc Peter Pears is accompanied by Julian Bream, and together they bring these fine songs completely to life; particularly noteworthy is the variety that Pears manages to give them, ranging from the carefree *Mistress mine, well may you fare* to the profound melancholy of Dowland's *In darkness let me dwell*. Alfred Deller sings beautifully on the Oiseau-Lyre disc, accompanied by Desmond Dupré, but there is little variety in the songs he has chosen; all are devotional and just a little miserable—in their seductive way. On the other side of this disc are two cantatas and an organ fugue by Buxtehude, which provide a welcome vivacity.

JEREMY NOBLE

Week-end Competition

No. 1,387

Set by Hilbrian

This is the centenary year of both Shaw and Wilde. Competitors are asked to send a 150 word extract from Wilde's *St. Joan* or Shaw's *Salome*. Entries by October 9.

Result of No. 1,384

Set by John Pomfret

Mr. Raymond Mortimer wrote recently that "despondency, which used to be the burden of the proletariat, has become the privilege of the intelligentsia." The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from a journal kept by a young, middle-aged or elderly despondent. Limit 150 words.

Report

How many Despondents wanted to make their exit *via* the gas oven, and found there was no money for the meter! The loads on their psyches were rain, Suez and Cyprus, psychiatrists, automation and cheery tradesmen, gardening, hot-water bottles and burst pipes, TV, football and *Look Back in Anger* Sundays. Sundays—the complaints of empty or over-full churches, the cries of "What's left but religion?" far outnumbered the rejected manuscripts; and, where there was no religion, there was guilt:

> I put down my delicate Japanese cup from which I once drank delicious
> Formosa Oolong and the guilt of Hiroshima surges over me. (ANNIE ALLEN)

But how they wallowed in their despondency, these cultured Monalots! They certainly treated it, in Mr. Mortimer's terms, as a "privilege": gloating over the worn-out shoes and the smell of cabbage, sighing over the past Waugh world, poring over bad teeth and slipped discs, and struggling to keep up with their Culture and bills:

> Tomorrow I have to accompany Bernard to the Bellamy's; must mug up the book reviews before we go. That perfect hostess, Greta, is sure to put me at my ease with some culinary chit-chat—*la vache* . . . (AMY HOLLINS)

> Royalties from "Persephone Reprieved." Equivalent point-eight-six pence per word. Conclude am paid rate lowest grade buttonholer circa 1850 (See Cole on Victorian sweatshops). (J. E. HINDER)

But, however much competitors gloried in their depression, they could still be faulted for writing too obviously for an audience. The winning diary-keepers kept their eyes turned inwards. Two guineas to L. G. Udall, and a guinea and a half each to P. M. and J. R. Till; Tom Haggitt gets one guinea in spite of his terrible last line. Commended: Annie Allen, Amy Hollins, Musia Swann ("I am exhausted by being loving, intellectual *and* a marvellous cook"), Guy Hadley ("Dear John Pomfret, Excuse handwritten diary, Pawned my typewriter for Chianti") and June Barraclough ("... doubts about religious doubts").

> When I told the vicar that the question of transubstantiation seemed the focal point he said, "Are you coming to help with the old folk's outing or aren't you?" Gets more mundane each week. I remember when I asked him if he thought that Sodom and Gomorrah were really any worse than the West End he said he couldn't say, he wasn't there but in both cases the prices paid seemed pretty high and how much did we want for young John's old bike now he'd got a new one. Mary talks of nothing but dearer food and worn out shoes. That's our life these days. Old people wanting outings, somebody else wanting a bike, shoes things to eat—one long exhausting give of petty knick-knackery. The *real* things of life, love, generosity, kindliness, understanding, where are they?
>
> L. G. UDALL

DESPONDENT—AGED 9

(*Last week of hols.*)

Mon.: Beastly new shorts. M. says economical and will last whole year. Sat in horse-trough skimming *T. Browne's Schooldays*.

Tues.: Shorts haven't shrunk. Hit Baby because he looked too happy. M. reading her Freud book again. So what.

Wed.: Grandpa said he'd take me to the Braque. Thought he said Park and wanted to sail my boat. No tip now I suppose. Managed to fall in pond.

Thurs.: Shorts not shrunk. F. says no bike this year because *someone* has to save. Why pick on me?

Fri.: Dentist. Got to wear brace as we don't have to pay. Bled on shorts though.

Sat.: Shorts in wash. Aunt R. brought another copy of *T. Browne*.

Sun.: Discovered am going to a Progressive School as F. can write articles about it and get fees reduced. I have to grow potatoes and do Morris dancing. There will be girls. Put both *T. Browne's* in horse-trough. Shorts haven't shrunk.

P. M.

MIDDLE-AGED DESPONDENT

Sunday: Church. Worse and worse. Every pew full.

Monday: Bi-focals no good for Windmill.

Tuesday: Why waste *trout pâté* on 1956 bread?

Wednesday: Left top teeth bottom floor turf commission agent's. Early closing.

Thursday: Tram tickets hardly worth collecting these days.

Friday: Grim thought: may not live to rise 3.30 a.m. Next total eclipse 1999.

Saturday: Dream daughter Felicity 40 if I'd married the girl from Armentières.

J. R. TILL

My MS. is back, the Ed. will not play,
My cheques were R/D from the first of May,
And the Landlord has threatened that if I don't pay,
I'll be on the streets in a fortnight.

The quarto's run out, my "Royal's" in "pop,"
I've no longer got credit at the corner shop,
And the butcher's refused me a very small chop,
Till I settle for eighteen and fourpence.

The gas is cut off, the electricity's due,
My mouth's getting sore with the hardtack I chew,
And because of the weather I've now got the flu;
I've also developed an ulcer!

Debts and rejections, hunger and shakes,
I really do wonder if I've got what it takes.
I'd end it all now, but for goodness sakes!!
I can't even afford Aspirin!

TOM HAGGITT

AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY

CAMP BIRD LIMITED

TO MALAYAN TIN SHARE INVESTORS

IN ORDER to prevent undue speculation and rumours concerning CAMP BIRD and the MALAYAN TIN MINING COMPANIES listed below, the CAMP BIRD Directors wish to announce as widely as possible our intention to lay before investors in these companies our proposals for the consolidation of the many interests involved, OUR OFFICIAL OFFERS TO SHAREHOLDERS IN THE INDIVIDUAL COMPANIES WILL BE CIRCULATED IN DUE COURSE.

Our REASONS for making these proposals, and the METHOD whereby we propose to implement them, are given below. May I ask all interested shareholders to study these facts most carefully?

BACKGROUND

THERE are now three major European-controlled tin mining groups in Malaya: The London Tin Corporation Ltd., British Tin Investment Corporation Ltd., and the " Tronoh " Group.

However, 18 tin mines listed below are financially separate companies, although some have interlocking boards of directors, and some have a common administration and management. Operational management, however, is carried out by professional management concerns in Malaya, under contract to but not owned by the tin companies.

IT IS THESE 18 MINES, WHICH CONSOLIDATED WOULD FORM A NEW, LARGE AND STRONG TIN MINING GROUP, WHICH ARE THE SUBJECT OF OUR PROPOSALS.

It is our belief that unless steps are taken to consolidate these individual companies, with their large unemployed cash reserves, and to bring them into a common financial group, we shall see very soon a series of despairing liquidations of these tin mining properties in Malaya, which may easily lead to the ruin and total loss of a great and profitable industry to the British investor.

The companies with which we are concerned have amassed liquid assets totalling over £2,250,000. These are not being remuneratively employed.

Today, because of the extremely low market price of tin shares, there is an increased attraction to persons looking for a short-term capital profit by demanding the liquidation of these companies. The appeal to shareholders to secure capital repayments is also strong when no constructive alternative employment of stagnant assets is put forward.

However, it is the experience of the Camp Bird Directors that shareholders do not seek capital repayments —and the consequent problem of re-investment—when management invests their money with skill and dynamism. In illustration, Camp Bird shareholders recently refused a capital repayment of 9s. per share, and in the past few weeks have applied for more than 2 million new shares in a rights issue involving the issue of only 1,377,000 shares.

The purpose of this Notice is to lay before investors the constructive alternative to the threatened series of liquidation and waste of assets.

STATISTICS

The estimated life of the tin mining properties concerned varies from two years to 45 years. Other available areas are held which have not yet been fully explored.

It should be realised that we are discussing one of the largest mining industries in the world, currently enjoying high profitability. This is not some collection of worked-out properties.

The aggregate statistical picture of the 18 companies in question shows the following:

Market Valuation of Shares at 13th Sept. 1956	On basis of latest published Accounts		
	Nett Cash and Quoted Investments	Gross Dividends	Yield on Market Price
£4,400,000	£2,250,000	£900,000	20.4%

If the above net cash and quoted investments are put to active use, earnings will be substantially increased. Until this is done, however, it is not surprising that the liquidation threat overhangs these companies.

PROPOSALS

Camp Bird proposes a more constructive solution to what is, after all, a PROBLEM OF PROSPERITY AND HIGH EARNINGS, not the liquidation of a bankrupt industry.

Three essential demands of the situation are:

1. That the surplus liquid assets held in London by the tin companies be invested in Western Hemisphere industrial and other fields (not excluding the dollar area) **so that investors are no longer dependent entirely on the fate of the Malayan tin industry.**
2. That the operating tin mining companies shall be domiciled in Malaya; and that, **after allowing for suitable dividends and the repatriation of original capital, future surplus profits shall be invested in Malaya,** in developing either the tin mining industry or other Malayan commercial and industrial developments. These changes will bring a closer integration of the companies concerned in the Malayan economy and make available new investment opportunities for investors resident in Malaya.
3. **That the individual companies shall be grouped into a single powerful company, with finances centralised and cash assets fully employed.**

METHOD

The following is our proposal for meeting the above situation:

CAMP BIRD proposes to offer its own Shares in exchange for shares in the tin mining companies, on an equitable basis, subject to 75% or more acceptance by shareholders of the individual companies.

It is intended to approach formally the directors of these tin companies forthwith.

ADVANTAGES TO SHAREHOLDERS

I CAN summarise the benefits which this consolidation will bring to investors in these Malayan tin companies:

- ★ **A more realistic market valuation for your investment.**
- ★ **By holding Camp Bird shares you will enjoy maximum profits from the tin companies, and also the greater security provided by a wider diversification of investment.**
- ★ **Increased overall earnings following the re-investment of surplus funds in Western Hemisphere interests, and the proposed redeployment of surplus profits arising in Malaya in future.**
- ★ **Upon domiciling the operating tin mining companies in Malaya, we can expect these companies to be able to pay higher dividends than now possible, because of the current taxation basis in Malaya.**

ADVANTAGES TO THE TIN MINING INDUSTRY

THESE are technical factors of importance to the industry itself—but which nevertheless are likely to result in immediate and direct benefits to shareholders:

- ★ **Substantial economies in the U.K. direction and administration.**
- ★ **Prestige as one of the largest tin mining groups in the world.**
- ★ **Ability to afford and employ the highest standard of direction, management and mining technology.**
- ★ **Diversification of interests through re-investment of future surpluses in Malaya.**
- ★ **Power to negotiate with the Malayan authorities with a single voice as to the conduct of the existing and the future development of the tin mining industry.**

CONCLUSION

Investors in CAMP BIRD can expect to enjoy an exceptionally high rate of income from the consolidated tin mining properties.

It should be possible, with proper management, fully to employ the combined assets of these 18 tin mining companies so that the stock market values reflect their earning capacity.

We believe you will recognise the merits of these proposals and will give us your support, and I would welcome the comments of any shareholders of the following companies:

Chenderiang Tin Dredging, Ltd.
Gopeng Consolidated, Ltd.
Hongkong Tin, Ltd.
Ipoh Tin Dredging, Ltd.
Kent (F.M.S.) Tin Dredging, Ltd.
Killinghall Tin, Ltd.
Kinta Kellas Tin Dredging Co., Ltd.
The Kinta Tin Mines, Ltd.
Malaysiam Tin, Ltd.
Meru Tin, Ltd.
Pengkalen, Ltd.
Rambutan, Ltd.
The Renong Tin Dredging Co., Ltd.
Selayang Tin Dredging, Ltd.
Sungei Kinta Tin Dredging, Ltd.
Tanjong Tin Dredging, Ltd.
Tekka, Ltd.
Temoh Tin Dredging, Ltd.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN DALGLEISH,
Chairman

CAMP BIRD LIMITED
96A Mount Street
London, W.1

PLEASE DETACH HERE

PLEASE COMPLETE AT ONCE AND POST IMMEDIATELY NS

To: **John Dalgleish, Chairman, Camp Bird Limited,**
96A Mount Street, London, W.1.

I .....
(Block letters, please)

of .....

hold shares in ....

....

....

and, after reading your statement, I am:

IN FAVOUR **NOT IN FAVOUR**

(Delete inapplicable)

of your proposals. My comments on your proposals are .....

.....

.....

City Lights

Portmanteau Bid

Share prices on Wall Street have still some way to go before reaching the 10 per cent.-from-the-top mark which traditionally turns a retreat into a rout, but they are dropping steadily. The Federal Reserve Board, eager to preserve the value of the dollar, is keeping the banks short of cash. The banks, after expanding their loans by 20 per cent. in the past eighteen months, have very little left with which to meet the urgent demands of their customers, and interest rates are rising. Bank Rate was raised to 3 per cent. in the middle of last month and the bill rate has now all but caught up with it. Gilt-edged, debenture and equity prices are all slipping as money becomes steadily tighter. It may well become tighter still and Bank Rate rise again: everything depends on the Federal Reserve's reading of the economic indicators, and they are particularly difficult to make sense of at the moment.

The rise in American interest rates has so far had very little effect on rates here or on the forward exchange rate for the £. But it may seem odd, with Wall Street prices slipping, to find a high premium still ruling on the limited supply of dollar stocks on sale in London. There are two likely explanations—first, that a growing number of institutional investors in this country are buying Canadian stocks on a long view and are disregarding temporary market fluctuations, and second, that a certain amount of speculation now takes place in the size of the premium itself. Its size, certainly, cannot be taken to suggest a flight from the £ (though the authorities, for appearances' sake, prevent it from getting too large). Recently, in fact, the £ has been rather stronger. Perhaps this is why Sir Oliver Franks has chosen to push up the Lloyds Bank dividend.

* * *

Camp Bird is spreading its wings. When Mr. Dalgleish stepped in the other day to prevent the liquidation of Tekka-Taiping, his references to tin mining were wistful and enthusiastic enough to suggest that he had designs on the other five companies connected with it. They have turned out to be even larger. He is now proposing to acquire no fewer than 18 Malayan tin producers in one gulp—all those, in fact, which fall outside the control of the three main groups.

The circular in which he addresses the shareholders of the 18, spreading itself with a fine contempt for advertising rates over the pages of the "principal newspapers," is a masterpiece of dynamic presentation. Today, Mr. Dalgleish points out, the low market price of most tin shares and the failure of many boards to put their surplus funds to profitable use, is tempting shareholders to press for liquidation and get their money back. "CAMP BIRD proposes a more constructive solution to what is, after all, a PROBLEM OF PROSPERITY AND HIGH EARNINGS, not the liquidation of a bankrupt industry." This, briefly, is to group the 18 into a single company under the wing of Camp Bird, to invest their surplus liquid assets in industrial outlets here (and reduce the risk of dependence on Malayan tin), to domicile the mining companies in Malaya (to save tax) and to invest their retained profits there.

The circular to his own shareholders remarks that the present is a fine time for mergers, and that the restrictions on raising new capital are making share-exchange mergers more popular. It also makes it quite clear that Camp Bird hopes to make a tidy profit out of the transaction. This is the flaw in what seemed an excellent scheme. Shareholders in the 18 are offered not cash, but shares in Camp Bird, and the basis of exchange is to be the (depressed) Stock Exchange prices of the past few weeks: they are offered a price, in paper, considerably below what the value of their shares would be in a liquidation. Mr. Dalgleish, presumably, is resting on his belief that "shareholders do not seek capital repayments when management invests their money with skill and dynamism." Unless solid counter-proposals turn up soon, his faith may prove to have something to it.

* * *

In almost every bid the problem arises of balancing the value of the company's assets against the profits it has been earning with them, its break-up value against its value as a going concern. The problem arises with Mr. Dalgleish's 18. It arose acutely in the case of the Friary-Meux merger, the opposition to which is still considering applying to the Board of Trade for an investigation. It arose, too, with the Hotel York, which owns the Berners Hotel and is run by Sir Rupert de la Bere, another recent Lord Mayor. A bid for the company was put in a week or two ago on behalf of St. Ermin's hotel, a bid of 35s.: it seemed tempting enough beside the ruling market price, which reflected the record of profits and dividends. It was not recommended by the board on the grounds that the break-up value of the shares was at least 43s. 6d. apiece, and probably more. The market picked up its ears: it is not common for company chairmen to underline their own takeover possibilities so boldly. Then the second bid came, from R. E. Jones, which owns the Piccadilly Hotel—a bid of 40s., still below the directors' estimate of the underlying asset value, but sufficiently above the original market price of around 24s. to be virtually sure of success.

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The Chess Board

No. 359. Carpe Diem

Perhaps I had better say *carpe centurionem* or *triarium* or whatever, had they played chess, the ancient Romans might have called a pawn. It may be most commendable to bide one's time by showing some judicious self-restraint in a capture which may prove to be all the more efficacious for being delayed a while. But circumstances alter cases, and it may well happen that any delay in grabbing a P while the grabbing is good, may prove to be disastrous rather than as profitable as in that game of Alexander's quoted a couple of weeks ago. An instructive case in point is Spasski's fine win when defending a Ruy against Pilnik in the Candidates' Tournament.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(9) P-B3	Kt-B4	(More usual Kt-R4, followed by P-QB4
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3			
(3) B-Kt5	P-QR3	(10) B-B2	B-Kt5	
(4) B-R4	Kt-B3	(11) P-KR3	B-R4	
(5) 0-0	Kt x P	(12) B-B4	B-K2	
(6) P-Q4	P-QKt4	(13) QKt-Q2	P-Q5	
(7) B-Kt3	P-Q4	(14) Kt-K4	P-Q6	
(8) P x P	B-K3	(15) Kt x Kt	P x B	
		(16) Q x Q ch	Kt x Q	

White's next move provides the first nail for his own coffin. He should have dealt with that wayward P right away by Kt-Kt3 and QR-B1; evidently Pilnik thought he could bide his time for eliminating the enemy straggler in his camp, but that P will soon prove to be a killer rather than a "gonner."

(17) B-K3	Kt-B3	(21) K-Kt2	P-R4!
(18) P-KKt4	B-Kt3	(22) P-Kt3	0-0-0
(19) KR-K1	P-Kt5!	(23) QR-B1	P x P
(20) P-B4	P-KR4	(24) P x P	P-B4!

Threatens to win a piece by . . . P-B5. White's answer is forced because (25) Kt P x P, B x P would be followed by . . . P-Kt4. Note that White's 20th was equally forced so as to stop Black from opening the QKt file and occupying it with his R. White now will soon give up the exchange, though he might have tried (26) Kt-QR4.

(25) P x P e.p.	B x P	(33) Kt x B	R x Kt
(26) R-K2?	R-Q8	(34) Kt-K3	R(1)-Q1
(27) R(1) x P	B x R	(35) R-B1	R-Q7
(28) R x B	Kt-Q5	(36) R-KR1	R-B1
(29) B x Kt	B x B	(37) Kt-Q1	K-Q2
(30) Kt-K6	B-B6	(38) K-Kt3	P-R5!
(31) Kt-B4	R-K1	(39) P x P	R-QR1
(32) Kt-Q5	B-Q5	(40) Kt-K3	R(1) x P

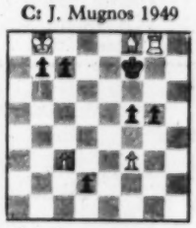
White soon resigned. The game is not without some theoretical interest either, because the advance of the Black QP on the 13th and 14th move proves to be more advantageous than usually considered.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White played (1) Kt-Kt5. By means of . . . Kt x P Black hoped to be quite safe. How was he floored in three spectacular moves? **B**—White to win—is a classic none too difficult for 6 ladder points (particularly with the useful hint of a certain affinity between **A** and **B**); nor should **C** give anyone a headache for 7 points. It is also a win for White and quite a beauty too.

A: Dr. Reinle 1944

B: A. A. Troitzky 1897

C: J. Mugnos 1949



Usual prizes. Entries by October 8.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 356. Set September 8

A: (1) Q x RP ch, K x R. (2) R x R ch, Q x R. (3) Kt-B5 ch etc.
B: (1) R-B8, Q x R (best). (2) Kt-B5 ch, K-B4 (best). (3) P-Kt4 ch
C: (1) Kt-B6, Q-R2 (best). (2) R-QR8! Q x R. (3) RP x P! (BP x P?), Q-R2. (4) P—Kt!! K-B4. (5) K-Q3 etc.
But not (4) P—Q?, K x P ch. (5) Q x Q stalemate.

Many dropped 2 or 3 points by failing to see all the subtleties of C. Prizes: K. Beaumont, C. H. Brown, D. E. Cohen, O. A. W. Dilke, C. G. Hilton. Equally flawless: W. H. L. Brooking, G. S. Fisher, F. R. Oliver.

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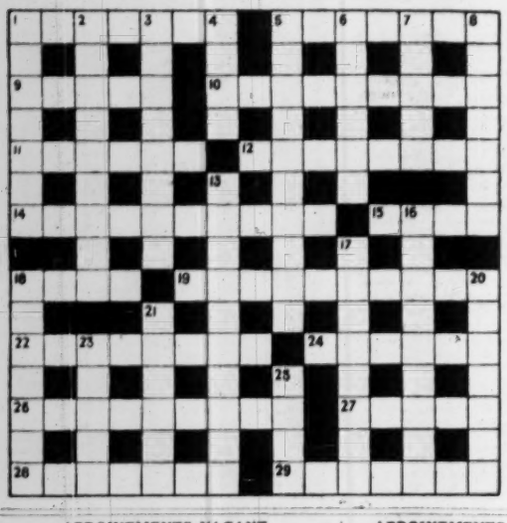

ACROSS

1. Bars blows (7).
5. Tutors make love in secret places (7).
9. Something health-giving puts a little weight on one (5).
10. Sent on, made the crossing interrupted by hostilities (9).
11. This officer makes the detectives turn back after a pirate (6).
12. Lilliputian political party for base fellows (8).
14. Old man with horrific employment in the destruction of Hamlet (10).
15. A bird, I repeat (4).
18. What must be sacrificed for a second in bed (4).
19. Little sailor on watch (10).
22. Antigone transformed into a mere nothing (8).
24. Playwright who spoils a scene (6).
26. Buildings for a V.I.P. mingling with the great (9).
27. Fire in the singing lesson (5).
28. Works the boy scores (7).
29. Scientific piece of writing about his breaches (7).

DOWN

1. Flower with or without the saints (7).
2. References for a little bit of poetry and music (9).
3. What perhaps is true about me in honourable retirement (8).
4. It is quiet when there is nothing loud in the street (4).
5. Roman who was "a very dog to the commonalty" (10).
6. Lack of interest although there is a way to start with (6).
7. Johnson's cat (5).
8. Unhappy is the saint upset for those who cause suffering (7).
13. They mark pauses for half the foreign settlers (10).
16. Biblical sons of thunder (9).
17. Hot but always among the cold-blooded (8).
18. Preserve a work for a star (7).
20. Cloths which may be praised (7).
21. Statesman who takes part in battle exercises (6).
23. Presented a soldier with an archdeacon (5).
25. This deity needs a little credit for creating a difficult situation (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 216

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André Castagna (Paris), N. Storr-Best (Finchley), M. Gluckman (Cheadle Hulme).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

LONDON County Council. Posts of Special Responsibility. Note. The allowances shown in all advertisements for posts of special responsibility are under the present Burnham Report (except where otherwise indicated). All such allowances are subject to review as from 1.10.56, when the provisions of a new Burnham report take effect. No undertaking can be given by the Council that allowances advertised before 30.9.56 will be available after 31.8.57. Deputy Headship, Sedgehill Secondary School, Sedgehill Road, Lewisham, S.E.6. Headmaster, J. E. Brown, B.A. A new secondary school for 2,000 boys and girls, opening September, 1957 (13 form entry). Deputy Headmistress required April, 1957. Burnham (London) scale salary with substantial special allowance (probably in region of £450 a year under 1956 Burnham proposals). There will be provision for academic courses, some leading to General Certificate of Education (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels), and courses in preparation for advanced studies in engineering and commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience, and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Forms EO/TS10 (Sedgehill) from and returnable to Education Officer, EO/TS10, County Hall, S.E.1, by October 12, 1956. (1847.)

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University College invites applications for the position of Full-time Director of Adult Education. The appointee will be under the control of the College Council working through the Regional Council of Adult Education for the Victoria University College District. The salary will be £1,275 p.a., rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,575 p.a. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is November 12, 1956.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer in English Language and Literature on the staff of the Department of English. The salary attached to the post will be on the scale £850×£50–£1,150. Cost of living allowance at the rate of £234 per annum will be paid in the case of a married man. Membership of the Provident Fund is compulsory and involves a contribution at the rate of 7% of the salary. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is obligatory in the case of an officer who is found eligible for membership. Applicants are advised to obtain a copy of the information sheet relating to this vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in South Africa and London, is October 15, 1956.

RADIO & Electrical retail business of good standing, London. Owner reqs. personal assistant of high intelligence & integrity. Good prospects for capable applicant. State age & details of career. Box 7426.

KING George VI Memorial Club (Camberwell and Lambeth): Warden required for experimental Club for infirm old people; non-residential; starting salary £500. Closing date October 13. Application form and details from London Council of Social Service, 7 Bayley Street, W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY of Natal, South Africa. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the vacant post of Senior Lecturer in Sociology, Durban, on the salary scale £1,050×£50–£1,400 per annum. In addition to the above-mentioned salary scale, a temporary cost-of-living allowance of £234 per annum will be paid to married men only. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close on November 8, 1956.

AS soon as possible. Forty to fifty lively, friendly children—boys and girls of all ages—need a keen science teacher (man or woman) to help them to acquire a love of knowledge and of the scientific attitude, and to accumulate sound scientific lore with zest. Good quality exam work—G.C.E./O—with a few seniors most years. Lots of difficulties and scope for lots of achievement. A robust sense of humour essential. This is no ordinary teaching job but a challenging opportunity for the born teacher who loves marrying up children and knowledge. "Good disciplinarians" need not apply. Honours graduates should only apply if they are also thoroughly practical types who enjoy turning a hand to anything. Resident with modest but adequate salary. If you think you fit, write fully about yourself to John Wood, New Sherwood School, Epsom, Surrey, before October 13.

MID-HERTS Group Hospital Management Committee. Interesting and unusual work available as S.R.N. with house mother's duties in an experimental home for 18 psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10. Applications to Secretary, Mid-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

TRAINING Officer for work with leaders and members required by London Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. Training and experience essential. Salary to be determined according to qualifications within the scale £600 to £800. Application form from London Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs, St. Anne's House, Venn Street, Clapham, S.W.4, and must be returned within two weeks after the appearance of this advertisement.

PONTYPOOL Educational Settlement. Applications are invited for the post of Warden's Assistant from women with qualifications in social studies and/or drama. Duties include responsibility for drama activities and Women's Clubs. Salary: Burnham Scale £430 by £20 to £720, plus equal pay allowance. Appl. form and further particulars: Warden Educational Settlement, Rockhill Rd., Pontypool, Mon.

COUNTY Borough of East Ham. Senior Child Welfare Officer (Female). Applications are invited from persons holding the Home Office Child Care Certificate. Salary APT. II (£595×£20–£675, plus London Weighting). A salary in excess of the minimum may be paid according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars and form of application (returnable by Oct. 8, 1956) from the Town Clerk, Town Hall, East Ham, E.6.

INTERESTING position in large organisation concerned with advertising, for person capable of preparing economic and statistical digests. Would suit B.Sc. Economics or Associate/Fellow of the library Association. Experience would rank equally with qualifications. Box 7440.

THE Research Laboratories of The General Electric Co., Ltd., North Wembley, Middlesex, have a vacancy in their Statistical Services Department for a Male Graduate with some scientific or engineering background. The work includes experimental design and analysis, quality control, teaching and management statistics in the laboratories and factories, and requires considerable patience and tact. Opportunities will arise for publications and attendance at professional meetings. Apply in writing to the Staff Manager (Ref. RLO/101) giving full particulars of experience, qualifications and age.

SOMERSET Education Committee. Dillington House College for Adult Education, Ilminster. Secretary (resident) to the Warden required. Salary scale £448-£580, subject to deduction of £96 per annum for board and lodging. Application form and particulars will be supplied by the undersigned on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. W. J. Deacon, Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Trull Road, Taunton.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Applications invited from suitably qualified women for post of Assistant Supervisor of Children's Homes. Salary according to qualifications and experience but will not exceed a maximum of £675 a year. Preference will be given to candidates with a University qualification in Child Care or Social Science. Experience of residential work with children an advantage. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

NEWCASTLE General Hospital. The New Professorial Department of Psychological Medicine (54 beds) will be opened in October, 1956. The department has been especially designed as an early treatment and observation centre. It will work in conjunction with the department of Psychological Medicine, King's College Medical School, University of Durham, and participate in its teaching and research. In addition a Child Guidance Clinic will be opened early in 1957 and will form part of the Professional Unit. Psychologists and Psychiatric Social Workers will be required for both units. Applications and enquiries are invited for the following: (a) Psychologists (one for each unit). Salary £575×£30—£815×£35—£850. (b) Psychiatric Social Workers (one for each unit). Salary: £495 × £15 — £510×£20 — £550 × £25—£750. Applications, with full particulars and names of referees, or general enquiries concerning these posts, should be sent to the Secretary, Newcastle General Hospital, Newcastle upon Tyne 4.

ASSISTANT required in the library of the Motor Industry Research Association. Age 18-22. Minimum qualification: Library Association First Professional Examination. Commencing salary up to £400, according to qualifications and experience. Apply in writing to: Director, Motor Industry Research Association, Lindley, Nr. Nuneaton.

BOOK Publishing.—Opportunity with international scientific and technical publisher for university and industrial representative. University graduate essential. Write giving full details of age, experience and salary required to General Manager, McGraw-Hill, 95 Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

EXPORT sales assistant required by English Numbering Machines, Ltd., Queensway, Enfield, Middx. Fluent Fr. & Span./Ital. essential; some knowledge of shipping and/or engineering useful. Salary according to age, experience and qualifications. Apply Personnel Officer.

ESSEX Education Committee. Appointment of Peripatetic Music Teacher. Re-advertisement. Applications are invited for the post of a full-time peripatetic string music teacher. It is hoped to appoint a teacher with successful teaching experience in violin classes and instrumental work. Candidates should hold the Teacher's Certificate awarded following a course of training at a Teacher's Training College or have completed a course at a College of Music which is accepted for the payment of the qualified rate of salary under the Burnham Scale. The teacher appointed will be required to visit schools of all types where instrumental teaching is needed. An additional fixed allowance (unpensionable) of £60 per annum will be paid towards travelling and out-of-pocket expenses. Application forms (with further particulars) may be obtained (stamped, addressed, foolscap envelope) from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford, and should be returned not later than October 5, 1956.

DUNCROFT Approved School. Senior Girls. Cookery Instructress, preferably with Domestic Science Training or qualifications in Institutional Managements. Salary: Fully Qualified Staff, Burnham scale plus four additional increments. Substantially Qualified Staff, £429×£12 to £525. Unqualified Staff having experience in similar work, £328×£12 to £425. Board and Lodging provided at a charge of £108 per year. The School accepts girls of reasonably good intelligence who are likely to benefit by psychiatric treatment given in the School. Letters of application to Headmistress, Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines.

MINISTRY of Fuel and Power: Librarian, Grade IV. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for this pensionable post which entails local responsibility for administering a branch technical library service at the Safety in Mines Research Establishment, Buxton, Derbyshire. Age at least 22 on September 1, 1956. Candidates must be Fellows or Associates of the Library Association or hold the Diploma of the London University School of Librarianship. Preference for experience in a research library providing an information service; some knowledge of scientific subjects and practical knowledge of U.D.C. an advantage. Starting salary £490 (Women £485) at age 22 to £585 (Women £561) at 25 or over. Maximum £950 (Women £838). Women's scale being improved under equal pay scheme. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4625/56/8. Completed applications should be returned by October 12, 1956.

OPENING for ambitious young woman as business manager new group design consultants. Essentials: interest in design, persuasive personality, typing. Good basic salary. Unlimited prospects. Box 7404.

PART-time Clinical Secretary for Society concerned with maladjusted children, plus private secretarial work for psychiatrist. 3 to 4 half days weekly. Good shorthand-typing essential. N.W. London. Box 7555.

LABORATORY Assistant reqd. Previous experience not essential. Family Planning Assocn., 64 Sloane St., S.W.1. SLO. 9112.

SALES Assistant. Interesting post for a young woman with artistic appreciation, intelligence and good appearance. Experience not essential. Box 7391.

TRANSLATOR / Sh. - Typist German / English for Workers' International Organisation. Knowl. French adv. Box 7562.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CAMBRIDGE Association for Social Welfare requires trained and certificated Social Worker (woman), experienced, at earliest December, 1956, latest March 31, 1957. Car-driver essential. Flat available. Apply: Mrs. Willink, The Master's Lodge, Magdalene College, Cambridge.

BRAZIERS House team still lacking a maintenance man and a gardener. Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

APPLICS. are invited for position of part-time Club Leader at North London Jewish Club, N.16. Salary according to exper. Apply with full partics. to Sec., Jewish Lads' Brigade, 75 Baker St., W.1.

BIRMINGHAM Council for Community Associations. Promotional and advisory body seeks an Assistant Secretary with a flair for organisation coupled with administrative ability and a sense of vocation. Salary £450/£500. Further details and application forms from Organising Secretary, 19 Calthorpe Road, Birmingham, 15.

ASSISTANT Matron required, preferably with nursing qualifications, for privately run old age home in Manchester. Knowledge of German essential. Box 7438.

SUPERVISING Instructor for hand-knitting required—London. Excellent pay and prospects. Write Box W.737, c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

COLONIAL affairs, Part-time secretary required for Fabian Colonial Bureau. Good shorthand/typing essential. £3 6s. 3d. p.w. for half-time and pro-rata; five-day week; four weeks' leave; congenial surroundings. Write the Gen. Sec., 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

SHORTHAND - Typist, English/German, wanted by Kensington import and export agents. Interesting work, good pay, no Saturdays. Commercial experience essential. Phone FREmantle 3742 for appointment.

FIRST-Class Private Secretary required for Personnel Manager of old-established merchant concern in Aden. Excellent salary, living allowance, free furnished quarters. Two years' contract at outset, followed by 3 months' leave on full pay. Write with full particulars Box 7466.

SECRETARY to designer, Chelsea. Part-time approx. 3 days p.w. Box 7549.

SECRETARY for Liberal Organisation. University graduate preferred, shorthand-typing essential. Box 7510.

TELEPRINTER operator, experienced, required for City office. Fluent German essential. Box 7493.

CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Fine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches, 97/99 Praed St., W.2, 99 Fleet St., E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House).

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1 TERminus 8566. Employment in Schools, Colleges, Institutions, Offices of Societies etc. Secretaries, housekeepers, caterers, matrons, wardens, teachers, social workers, etc. Posts vacant and wanted.

EDUCATED Women wanted as temporary typists and shorthand-typists with a variety of excellent firms and public organisations. Short hours and highest salaries. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2. London Wall 4609.

HOUSEKEEPER required for professional man's family. 2-3 years. Wife taking post-graduate course. Box 7436.

COUNTRY medical practitioner (51 yrs.) would like to meet lady willing to look after his home. Congenial post; permanent; use of car. For all particulars: Box 7442.

DOMESTIC help, resident, required for doctor's family. Herts, near London, state salary. Write Box 7525.

OPPORTUNITIES to learn Italian and Spanish. Plenty of situations in both countries as Governess', Nannies or Mother's Help. Exp. not essential. Enquiries to Parker's Agcy., 72 Holden Road, London, N.12. HIL. 1831.

SWITZERLAND! Mother's Helps & Domestics reqd. for attractive posts. Essential some knowledge French or German. Duma-Burnett, 8 Bleicherweg, Zurich.

SITUATIONS vacant. Apply for them painlessly. A brief personal note and one of our crisply printed résumés will dispense with that tediously detailed letter of application. Send all your data for us to summarise, print, and return within 24 hours. 1 guinea for 50 copies from the Juniper Press, 19 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. COV. 0492.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EDUCATED mother aged 33, governess, domest., gardener, reqs. post where 3½-month baby acceptable. Replies c/o Matron, 157 Upper Chorlton Rd., Manchester 16.

EXPD. book-keeper (full set of books), Eng./German sh.-typist, middle-aged, wishes to change her position. Box 7491.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

ANGLO/German Swiss f. (25) sks. interesting post in London, pref. non-commercial. German, sh./typing, knowledge French. Translatg. & teaching exp. Box 7575.

CANADIAN settling in Britain, expd. Trade Union & other organisational & admin. work, some business background, studied Social Science in England, sks. post where initiative desirable. Box 7576.

SEC./shorthand-typist reqs. pt.-time post 3 day week where exper., initiative and integrity appreciated. Box 7445.

SEC. sks. 3 day week job where capability work own initiative & reliability essential. P.S.W. or clinic pref. Box 7435.

SCHOOLMASTER, 26, expd. tutor, cashier, chauffeur, sks. job evgs. Lond. to augment meagre income. Anything cons. Box 7528.

EXPD. secretary reqs. morning or afternoon post, S.W.1/3/7. Box 7560.

EXTRAORDINARY commissions or gd. quality posn. sought by expd. creative photographer. Travel/initiative no deterrent. Pub. schl. Univ. Commando offr. Box 7459.

SINGLE man, 35, thoughtful, intelligent, seeks active, interesting position. Please write Box 7473.

WOMAN graduate, adaptable, commonsensical; 16 years' editorial and bus. exp. sks. regular & intel. homework. Box 7410.

INTERESTING post wanted by married woman, B.A. (English, French, Latin), with school-age child. Fully expd. bk-kpg., correspondence, office routine. PRI. 1317.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON, N.W.3. Caravan vacant for long let. Could be towed to site of tenant's choice or could remain in Hampstead for winter. Anthracite stove, 2 dble. rms., kit. (w. small bath) & toilet. 1 person only taken while in Hampstead; rent £13 per month plus site rent of £1 p.w. Paul, HAM. 5116, or 12 Nassington Rd., N.W.3.

KEW. Sunny, furn. rm. to let, newly dec. Mus. int. pref. 2 gns. Box 7526.

2 FURN. rooms, own kitchen cum bath, facing Hampstead Heath. Suit 1 or 2. 2nd floor. 38 South Hill Park, N.W.3.

CHARM. b/s rm. £1 p.w. & 1 hr. help dly. & occas. babysitting a.m. or p.m. Musician welc. (piano avail.). SPE. 0363.

NEWLY dec. b/s, private house, S.W.13. Suitable student. Gas ring. 42s. p.w. including electricity, linen, baths. RIV. 1761.

SINGLE furnished flatlet. Own kitchen, hot water, telephone, 47s. 6d. p.w. Near Willesden Green Tube. Box 7564.

PROFESSIONAL girls seek imaginative 3rd to share mod. spacious maisonette. Own enormous room. Portobello bargain! 3gns! PARk 8217 after 7 p.m./weekend.

WELL-furn. flat, 4 rooms, K. & B., s/c, frig., 8gns. N.W.11. SPE. 0987 (Evngs.).

NICE big furn. room, sink, pleas. house. 1 or 2 refined ladies. LAD. 3031.

WELL-furn. rm. 33s./38s. Suit bus. girl or student. Every conv. CUN. 5486.

OFF Finchley Road, nr. Hampstead Heath, cheerful, single/double rooms, use kitchen, garden. Permanent/temporary. Tel.: SWI. 2684, pref. after 6 p.m. or wk.-ends.

MEWS flat nr. Marble Arch, sunny b/s., suit bus. wom. PAD. 0504 aft. Oct. 1.

DOUBLE room in pleasant household needs 2 tenants. £3 10s. p.w. MOU. 1644.

NR. Lords. B/s. room, 30s. p.w. & some sitting-in. MAI. 9929 bef. 9.30 a.m.

2 Comf. bed-sitting rms. in private flat, W.14. £2 & £2 5s. p.w. Box 7422.

CANONBURY, N.1. Furnished flatlet. Double divan b/s., kit./diner in newly-dec. Regency house. 4gns. p.w. Box 7423.

YNG. prof. wom. wtd. share attrac. accom. Holland Pk. area. £4 p.w. Box 7431.

YOUNG lady (23, journalist) seeks 2 others to share very nice flat Archway. £2 p.w. each. Own large room. ARC. 2466.

FURN. room, mod. flat nr. Tube, all conv., use k. & b., £2 10s. p. week. PRI. 9128 before 8 a.m. or after 7 p.m.

YNG. lady sks. warm sunny rm. Ckng. facs. N.W. Close L.M.S. Box 7558.

ANY kind living accom. wanted, unfurnished, by single girl. BAT. 2059.

HAMPSTEAD. Lge. b/s. reqd. for bus. wom. H. & c., ckg. facs., own cleaning, linen, piano (played little). Pt./unfurn./furn. No petty restrictions please. Box 7407.

LARGE b/s. or flat rqd. for yng. lady, W.C.1 area. MON. 3211 between 9 & 5.

MODEST ivory tower wanted for self-effacing tenant. 1/2 rms., k. & b. (or convert). Anything unfurn. consid. Can pay f. & f. up to £150. Reas. rent. Box 7405.

YOUNG marrieds seek s./c. furn. flat London. Wd. decorate. Wife (student) offers s/typing. Up to 5gns. Box 7551.

WANTED: small furn. house, easy access London; pref. Surrey. 4-6 months from about end Nov. GIPsy Hill 0444.

TEACHER potter needs home. Small house or part of larger one. Between Golders Grn./Highgate/Totteridge. Box 7529.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

PROF. gent. sks. comf. acc. Kensington area. Thomas, FRO. 3649 after 6 p.m.

MED. stud. (f), expd. babysitter, reqs. cheap room, ckg. facs. Box 7534.

GRAD. cpl., child, sk. unf./f. 3-4 rm. flat. Yr. rent advncd. f. & f. Box 7487.

FOREIGN professor, wife, child, req. 2 furn. rms. Willing share kit., bathrm. 2 months from Nov. Box 7490.

WANTED now by Cambridge graduate, basement flat, Chelsea or Knightsbridge, £4-£6 weekly. Box 7494

RELIABLE couple seek flat in house W., W.C. or N.W. London in return for house-keeping serv. Highest refs. Box 7520.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

AWKWARD flat invites 2 adults to consider advantages & disadvantages. Furn., sub-ground, self-contained, 2 lge. rms., enclosed bath, small kit. Lovely position nr. Heath. Easy access W. End, City. 3½gns. Box 7434.

QUIET first floor furnished flat to let, with garden: two rooms, separate kitchen, bath and w.c. £3 3s. to £4 4s. weekly, 6 months with option. 20 minutes Charing Cross. Women & children only. Box 7496.

SELSEY, Sussex. Sunny furn. cottage, edge of sea, avail. Oct.-March inclusive at nominal rent £2 10s. wkly. Sleeps 6. Sun porch, living-rm., kit., bathrm. Gas, elec. Ideally suited writer or similar. Verney, Runwick Hse., Farnham, Surrey. Farnham 6323.

SUNNY South Coast. To let furn. for 6 months from Sept. '29, comf. furn. cottage, 1 min. from sea, shops & buses. 2 bedrms., 1 sit.-rm., kit. and bathrm. Gas fires in all rms., multipoint heater for water, everything for use except linen. Box 7508.

FURN. flat, Worthing, Sx. 3 rooms, kitette., bathrm., etc. £4. Loughton 5696.

HIBERNATE in lovely Eskdale, far from the madding crowd. Furn. ½ house (s.c.), sleep 6. All ancient inconveniences much relieved by Calor gas. Mild winter climate, no smog. Children & pets welcome. Short or long let. Miss Burns, Christcliffe Farm, Boot, Holmrook, Cumberland.

CORNISH village. Furn. flat, mod. cons. Beautiful view Fowey Harbour. Perm. or period. Box 7458.

MOUNTAIN cottage, N. Wales, sleep 5; electricity, water, w.c. 10s. p.w. until April 30. WEL. 3541.

YOUNG couple want to get married. Can anyone help w. semi-fur./fur. s/c. flat, anywhere London, but N.W. pref. Box 7482.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

ATTRACTIVE freehold cottage property Hampstead Village. 2 rms., no stairs, modern kit. & bathroom. £3,850. Box 7515.

FOR sale: large house £1,500, Maida Vale. 3 flats—2 occupied unfurn., 1 vacant, fam.-sizc (4 rms., kit., bath). 1 min. tube, buses. 10-yr. lease at £100 p.a. Box 7324.

NEAR Hindhead, Surrey. Centre of Grayshott Village: 6-rm. stone & brick cottage, semi-det.; workrm. 22'×8'. Lux. bathrm., c.h.w., power points all rms. No business restrictions. Well stocked gdn., lge. shed & fuel bins, £2,500 f'hld. Hindhead 745.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day and Boarding School owned and controlled by Friendly Society of Parents and staff. Kindergarten 17½gns., Junior and Senior School 22½gns.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, N.W.11.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. cows. All round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals Carl & Eleanor Urban.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

THE Town and Country Day School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2-3.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A. (Oxon).

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. 91-93, Baker Street, W.1. HUNter 0931. Founded 1901.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

R. H. S. CROSSMAN, M.P., on "Thoughts on Socialist-Communist Relations," in October Labour Monthly out this weekend. Also: "G. D. H. Cole and Unity" (James Klugmann); Labour Discussion Forum Announcement; "Why this Suez Madness?" by Ivor Montagu, etc., etc. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly sub. from N.S., 134b, Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

"A FOREIGN Policy for the H-Bomb Age," by Allaun, C. Jenkins, Swingler, Warbey. 1s. 2d., post free, from "Future," 31 Carlingford Road, N.W.3.

DRAMA. G.B.S. and William Archer Centenary Number now available. Letters from Shaw to Dr. Gilbert Murray (1900 to 1905); lecture by Archer (1921) on Shaw, Galsworthy and Barrie. Price 1s. 8d. post free (annual sub. 6s. 6d.) from Drama, 9 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

75 years old, "The Freethinker," wages war on superstition with youthful vigour. Thoughtful, stimulating. 5d. p.w. (10s. yr.). 41 Gray's Inn Rd. W.C.1. HOL. 2601.

NEW Pamphlet: A Co-operative Approach to Socialism. 64 pp. 2s. post free: Socialist Christian League, 97a Stroud Green Rd., N.4. Preface by Bob Edwards, M.P.

PROD—a handy bulletin of facts and figures published by the London Area Council, Movement for Colonial Freedom. Special article this month on Cyprus. Annual sub. 3s. Specimen copy 3d. post free from 374 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

NEWS from Moscow! For the background news to the changes that have taken place in the U.S.S.R. see the two Soviet journals "News," a fortnightly review, 10s. a year. "Moscow News," twice weekly, 12s. a year. Collet's Bookshop, 45 Museum St., W.C.1.

COST of an Adequate Diet, Insurance Investments; Hogg in Armour. "Labour Research," 9d. (11s. p.a.). 2 Soho Sq., W.1.

SCHIZOPHRENICS, Investigation of phenol blood levels. Also prevention and elimination of infectious diseases in U.S.S.R., etc. Soviet Medical Information Bulletin, Vol. III, No. 3. From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, or bookshops, 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.).

NATURE Cure from the Inside, by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

DEUTSCHES Antiquariat. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement, 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

PENGUIN to a library bought. Emphasis on Socialist bks./pamps. Van calls. Has anyone Borkenau's Communist Int'n'l? The Hammersmith Bkshop, Ltd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

NEW York buying agent reqs. urgently books on Political and Economic History, Sociology, Art and good standard classics. Any quantity/date, anywhere. Box 7506.

MISCELLANEOUS

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. SLO. 9595.

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READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Encyclopaedia Britannica, 1950 Edition, atlas, year books. Perfect condition as new, Owner going abroad, must sell; Upright piano, good condition, £15 o.n.o.; Cambridge Modern History, complete, 1907, quarter calf, perfect condition, £15.

WANTED: Secondhand B.A. gown, Univ. of Wales with/without hood; London M.A. gown, cap; Ph.D. (Econ.) hood; Keesings 1946-48; Linguaphone French and Italian courses, secondhand/hire; Philips disc-jockey; Portable typewriter; obsolete, unusual & foreign cigarette and tobacco packets.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

PRINCES, TEM. 6596. Sept. 28. Ev. 7.30. Th. & Sat. 2.30. Variety Theatre of China.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.), St., Sn. 5 & 8. "The Children's Hour." Mems.

UNITY EUS. 5391. "Hold the Line" a Soviet Farce Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45. Mems.

NEW Lindsey Theatre Club. Commencing Tuesday, Oct. 2, for one week only, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," a new play by Charles Fenn (author of "The Final Ace"). Evgs. 8. Sunday 5 & 8. BAY. 2512.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Sept. 30: Marty (U). From Oct. 1: The Maxim Gorki Trilogy Pt. 1, The Childhood of Maxim Gorki (A.).

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. Sept. 30, 6 days. Grace Kelly, The Country Girl. A.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Special performance of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," Sun., Sept. 30, at 8.30 p.m.

HAMMERSMITH Film Soc. New season starts Sept. 27, inc. "Trois Femmes," "Act of Violence," "Jeux Interdits," "Bell for Adano." Sec.: R. Butler, 18 Draycott Pl.

LEWISHAM Film Soc. RAV 2461. Unitarian Hall, next Cent. Library. Sep. 29, 7.15, Brecht's "Dreigroschenoper." Gsts 3s.

MAJLIS Mela (Indian Fête) songs, dances, Indian food, exhibit., arts & crafts. Symposium: "Problems of econ. & scient. developt. in India." Speakers: P. M. S. Blackett, Joan Robinson. Oct. 6 & 7, 11 a.m.-10 p.m., Holborn Hall. CHA. 4644.

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin), October Prog. includes (a) Oct. 3, at Imperial Inst., Film Show of Music & Dances of China, India & Indonesia. (b) Oct. 23, at Conway Hall, celebrated Indian Sitar and Tabla players, Ravi Shankar and Chatur Lal. (c) Music & Songs of China by visiting Company from Peking. Other prog. and inf. re membership—open to all, 10s. p.a., Students 2s. 6d.—from Hon. Sec., 18, Fitzalan Rd., N.3 (Tel.: FIN. 2934).

JIVE Sessions at Tynegate-Smith Studio, 15 Baker Street, W.1. WEL. 7007. Sats., Suns. 8ish-latish. This Sat., Sonny Monk and his trad. band. Sun., Sugarfoot Six.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Friday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evgs. every Tuesday & Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or tel. PRI. 7479, evgs.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Dance. Saturday, Sept. 29, 8-11.30 p.m. Art-workers Guildhall, 6 Queen Square, W.C.1. Tickets 3s. 6d. Refreshments available.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Sat., Sept. 29, 8-11 p.m. At Home! Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Members 3s. Guests 5s.

CONCERTS

SCHUTZ, Bach, di Lasso, etc. Second London concert by the "Junge Chor" from Hanover. Fri. Sept. 28, 7.30. St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Adm. free. Partics. from German Welfare Council, 25 Villiers St., W.C.2.

PIANO-Playing for Pleasure. Four Lecture-Demonstrations by James Ching. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sats., Oct. 13, 27, Nov. 10, Dec. 1, at 2.30. Adm. free. No tickets. Detailed Syllabus & Literature, including that relating to James Ching's recent adoption of high speed (slow motion) Cinematography as an aid to Pianistic Progress, 38a Hollycroft Av., N.W.3. HAM. 8256.

SUSAN Slivko. Piano Recital. Wigmore Hall, Sun., Oct. 7, at 3. Partita No. 1 (Bach), Sonata No. 24, Op. 78 (Beethoven), Sonata No. 3, Op. 28 (Prokofieff), Bagatelles (1955) 1st London perf. (Malcolm Lipkin), Sonata Op. 58 (Chopin). 9s., 6s., 3s., from Hall, WEL. 2141 & Ibbs & Tillett, WEL. 8418.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. The State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Banqueting display of the Regimental Silver of the Royal Artillery. Open 10-8 daily incl. Sundays.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhibition. Admission Free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stns.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Sun., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters, 11-12.30, 2-6, 2s. 6d.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Jack Smith: Paintings. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Paintings by Charles Burton. Sept 26-Oct. 13.

WATERCOLOURS by Arrobus at Times Bookshop, Sept. 24-Oct. 6. 9-5.30. Sat. 9-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings, drawings and sculpture by William Scott. Until October 26.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Merlyn Evans retrospective 1927-1956. Opens Oct. 4. Wkdays. 11-6; Sun. 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate E. Stn.

FREE Painters' Group 4th Annual Exhibn. will be opened by Sir Hugh Casson, Oct. 2, 6 p.m. Walker's Galls., 118 New Bond St., W.1. Oct. 1-20, Hrs. 10-5; Sats. 10-1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leic. Sq., W.C.2. Recent paintings by Myrta Fisher, Asphodel Fleischmann, Malcolm Hughes. Also memorial exhib. of Elizabeth Watson.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Fr. Oct. 1: Pntgs. by Richard Butler.

JEANNIE Cannon.—Paintings. 46 Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Opening 3 p.m. Oct. 7. Until 27th.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Philip Sutton; Sculptures by Austin Wright.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 25 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Recent paintings by Marek Zulawski. Sept. 25-Oct. 13. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. American Cartoons from the New Yorker. Closing 1 p.m. Saturday, Sept. 29.

CHILDREN Painted by Dutch Artists (1550-1820). Arts Council Exhibition. Royal Academy (Diploma Gallery). Closes Sept. 30. Week-days 10-6. Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

GALLERY, One, 20 D'Arblay Street, W.1. Samuel Avery, Wilfred Avery New ptgs.

GEORGES Rousault: We have a fine selection of prints incl. "Miserere" and "Ubu"; from 5 gns. to £130. St. George's Gallery Prints. 7 Cork Street, W.1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. Albert Gleizes 1881-1953. 64 Paintings-Gouaches-Drawings. First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-12.30.

AUTUMN Exhibition of members' work, arranged by Finsbury Art Group (Chairman: Eric Newton). Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St., E.C.1 (nr. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave.), Sept. 24-Oct. 6, open 10-8; Sat. 10-5. Closed Sunday. Admission free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Paintings by Harry Weinberger. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Until Oct. 7.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"FREEDOM in the expression of Humanist views on the Air." Humanist Council meeting, Caxton Hall (York Hall), Westminster, Wed., Oct. 3, 7.30 p.m. Speakers: E. M. Forster, C.H., Margaret Knight, Kathleen Nott, Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Chair.: Jos. Reeves, M.P. Adm. free. Questions.

KING Richard III Birthday reunion Party in his own Crosby Hall, Chelsea Embankment, October 2, 8 p.m. Tickets 8s. 6d. include buffet. Write or ring now: Fellowship of the White Boar, 29 Eaton Terrace, S.W.1. SLO. 5916. Fellowship details sent on request.

MOVEMENT for Colonial Freedom, public meeting, Albert Hall, Blackpool, Tues., October 2, 7.30. "Suez - Cyprus - Kenya." Fenner Brockway, M.P., Chairman. Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P., Canon L. John Collins, Dingle Foot, Q.C., M.P., Lady Megan Lloyd George, Joseph Murumbi. Admission 1s.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Autumn Lectures 1956. "Present-day Foreign Furniture and Its Setting." Tuesdays at 7 p.m. October 2: America—Lecturer: Paul Gell. October 9: Italy—Lecturer: Germano Facetti. October 16: Denmark—Lecturer: Frank Guille. October 23: Modern Architecture—Lecturer: Rolf Helberg.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. (PARk 7379). Fri., Sept. 28, 8 p.m., Dr. Guershoon-Collin, "Petersburg in Russian Literature." Fri., Oct. 5, 8 p.m. T. Zinn, M.A. (Westminster School), "School Trip to Russia."

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Oct. 3, 7.30. "Britain's Contribution to U.N.O.," Gordon Evans. 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., Oct. 5, 8.30. Miss C. B. Mauthumma: "Gandhi Jayanti." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ANIMALS Have Rights! Attend Animal Welfare Brains Trust. Question Master: Freddy Grisewood. Members of Brains Trust: Dr. B. P. Allinson, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., Major F. Chapman (R.S.P.C.A.), W. Risdon (L. & P. Anti-Vivisection Society), Miss L. Loat (National Anti-Vaccination League) C. Sharp (League against Cruel Sports), R. Lightowler (London Vegetarian Society). Wimbledon Town Hall, Wednesday, October 3, 1956, at 8 p.m.

UNIVERSITY College London. Public Lunch-hour Lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1.15 to 2 p.m. in the Anatomy Theatre (entrance Gower Street). Admission free. Oct. 9.—The Dead Sea Scrolls and the Hellenistic World, Professor E. G. Turner. Oct. 11.—The Births and Deaths of the Stars, Dr. P. A. Sweet. Oct. 16.—Machines and Men: the Nineteenth Century Background to Automation, Mr. A. J. Taylor. Oct. 18.—Magnetism and Its Importance in Everyday Life, Professor R. S. Nyholm. Oct. 23.—The Character of Concrete as an Engineering Material, Mr. R. H. Elvery. Oct. 25.—Troilus and Polyxena: Mutations of a Legend, Professor C. N. Robertson. Oct. 30.—Behaviour and Heredity, Dr. H. Kalmus. Nov. 1.—Office Buildings in their Changing Environment, Professor Sir William Holford. Nov. 6.—Strategic Embargoes on East-West Trade, Miss Susan Strange. Nov. 8.—Strindberg's Symbolic Drama, Mr. S. A. Bergmann. Nov. 13.—Wilkie Collins, Mr. Arthur Brown. Nov. 15.—Samuel Pepys of Axe Yard, 1658-60, Mr. T. F. Reddaway. Nov. 20.—Mendel and Galton: Founders of the Scientific Study of Heredity, Dr. J. S. Wilkie. Nov. 22.—Archaic Egypt: Recent Discoveries at Sakkara, Professor W. B. Emery. Nov. 27.—The Reader, the Writer, and Copyright Law, Mr. R. Staveley. Nov. 29.—A New Approach to the Nile Waters Dispute, Mr. K. M. Barbour. Dec. 4.—The Contemporary German Cultural Scene, Professor L. W. Forster. Dec. 6.—Songs of Steam; The Industrial Revolution of English Poetry, Mr. J. F. Warburg. Details of all public lectures from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower Street, W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

BE an M.P. Follow in the footsteps of the famous. Join Hampstead Parliament, the most venerable & lively of its kind. 59th Session opens Oct. 3. Ev. Wed. at 8 p.m. Hampstead Town Hall (opp. Belsize Pk. St.). Applics. for membership & further partics. from The Clerk of the House, Miss Sheila Dobson, 6 Eagle Court, 69 High St., N.8.

MARRIED Women's Association. 20 Buckingham St., Strand, W.C.2. A meeting on "Attachment of Wages to Enforce Payment of Maintenance Court Orders." On October 4, 7.30 at Caxton Hall. Adm. free.

BUDDHIST Society. Public Lecture, Dr. Williams's Library, 14 Gordon Square, W.C.1, Wed., Oct. 3, 6.30: "Buddhism for the Layman in Thailand," H.R.H. Prince Chula Chakrabongse of Thailand, G.C.V.O.—Wed., Oct. 10, at 6.30, 58 Eccleston Square, S.W.1 (5 mins. Victoria Stn.), Special Public Meeting to celebrate Opening of New Premises. Read "The Middle Way," quarterly 2s. 9d. post free. Inf. TAT. 1313.

SUEZ—No War. Warbey, M.P. Thursday, October 4, 7.30. Copland School, High Rd., Wembley. Wembley South C.L.P.

"CHILDBIRTH Without Fear". Dr. Grantly Dick Read, Mon. Oct. 15, 7.30 Caxton Hall, S.W.1. 2s. (Reserved 5s. from London Natural Health Soc., 3 Danes Ct. Cotts., Leatherhead Rd., Oxshott).

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m. on October 6. Film: "The Bed" (French dialogue with English sub-titles).

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Thurs., Oct. 4, 8.15 p.m. Science: Dr. Andrew D. Booth: "The Present Status of Machine Translation." Members 1s. 6d. Guests. 3s.

THE Friday Club meets 7.45 Fridays at 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. Talks with discussion on Literature, the Arts, Current Affairs, etc. Oct. 5. C. Kennedy Scott on Mozart's Requiem. For season's programme: Hon. Sec., M. Kew, BAY. 5990.

SWAMI Ghanananda: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thursday, Oct. 4, 6.30. "The Real Nature of Man." Sun. at 5 at 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Gita. All welcome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

JOURNEY to Moscow. A discussion on the present status of Russian Jewry between recent visitors to the Soviet Union and students of Soviet affairs. Arranged by the World Jewish Congress British Section, at Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth Street, W.C.2, on Tuesday, October 2, 1956, at 8 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"AN Introduction to Rabbinic Times and Literature," illustrated readings from the "Ethics of the Fathers".—Weekly Study Group conducted by Dr. Abram Spiro. Mondays at 8.15 p.m., beginning Oct. 1, at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

"ORGANIC Husbandry," series of lectures at North London Literary Institute, Marylebone Road, Wednesdays at 6.30 p.m., starting Sept. 26 with Sir Henry Beresford-Peirse on "Forestry—the Origin of Soil Fertility." Other lecturers include Lady Eve Balfour, Professor Bernal and Fyfe Robertson. Details from Soil Association, 8F Hyde Park Mansions, N.W.1 or from the Institute.

NEUROSIS, Class and Society. Conference Fri., Oct. 19, to Sun., Oct. 21, at Bracklesham Bay Hotel, Sussex. Chairman: Kenneth Bowden. Speakers: Stephen Schenk: Background to the Problem; Dr. Paul Halmos: Changing Class Structure and Neurosis; Hugh Klare: Social Stratification and Tensions in the Instnl. Treatment of Offenders; Dr. Christopher Salmon: The Significance of Work. Brains Trust. Fee: £3 7s. 6d. Full partics. from, and bookings to: The Booking Officer, Progressive League, 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

ART of Movement. London Evening Study Group (men & women). Thursdays from 7-8.30 p.m. at Holy Trinity C.E. Junior School, Carlisle Lane, off Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. Classes commence Oct. 4, 1956. Details: Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464.

CONTEMP. Music. Classes for listeners. Gramophone. Informal atmosphere. Non-tech. Toynbee Hall, E.1. Weds., 8-9.30 p.m.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries & Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work & for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for univ. graduates. Day & residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A.(Cantab.), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. New Courses Oct. 3.

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, October 15 to December 5. Particulars from the Director, Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. (KNIghtsbridge 6835.)

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 389, 390, 391

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